



FAMOUS
MONSTERS
#56
JULY

FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND

**2 IN 1
ISSUE!**

**ALL ABOUT
BORIS
KARLOFF**
HIS LIFE IN
PICTURES

COMMENTS ON
HIS DEATH BY

**CHRIS
LEE**

**PETER
LORRE**

**ELSA
LANCHESTER**

**FORREST
ACKERMAN**

**VINCENT
PRICE**

LON CHANEY

PLUS

**"FRANKENSTEIN" COMPLETE WITH
RARE PICTURES!!**





BORIS KARLOFF: Born November 23, 1887. Died February 2, 1969. In between became a living legend and household name. Made 150 films and millions of fans. This was his final, favorite portrait picture, so inscribed by him to the man who took it, our staff photographer, Walter J. Dougherty.

THE KING



IS GONE

Karloff Called to Death's Domain

THE GREATER WORLD grieves and draws closer together in a time of tragedy: the loss of a Kennedy, of Martin Luther King. So we in the special world of Fantasy share our sorrow and try to comfort one another with words as we think of the deeds of our departed Hero and mourn his passing.

This has been a rare, strange time for me. All day, the first day, the phone rang: an FM fan called me all the way from Wisconsin; I talked to Robert Bloch, George Pal, Roy Bradbury; called Christopher Lee. In the ensuing days the deluge of mail came, till tears trickled from my mailbox.

There is something I can't explain to myself. When Lon Chaney died in 1930, I was 14 years old and had seen all of his pictures since I was 7: HUNCHBACK, PHANTOM, LONDON, MONSTER, UNHOLY, etc. He was my boyhood favorite yet for some weird reason I have no memory of his death, of having been shocked to read

about it in the papers or hear about it over the radio. (Of course we had no TV yet!).

But with Boris Karloff—I! The loss is heartfelt and acute and multiplied manifold times by my sense of participation with you all in a common heartache.

There was no filmmonster magazine when Chaney died, something his fans and friends could turn to for a memorial. We are blessed that FM exists so that we can turn this entire issue over to a tribute to Boris Karloff. And this is not the end of Boris Karloff in our pages: there will be more—much more—about him in our next issue. And beyond.

He gave us 50 years of his life and 155 pictures. We can no longer say, "O King, live forever." Instead, will you join me in your heart and beam this thought into the great beyond: O King, love—forever!

FORREST J. ACKERMAN



CRY OF THE WEREWOLF and THE MUMMY'S GHOST.

I am really heartbroken to hear about BORIS KARLOFF's death. Of all the non-stars, I think he was the best in his entire career as a fine actor. He



By Ralph Mucio

was a decent, sincere, considerate, kind, sympathetic, gentle man who had a love for his profession. I certainly hope you give this gentle man a real good obituary, 'cause he deserves one.

Please number all of the films BORIS KARLOFF starred and appeared in, from the first film to his last film, and put down the film studios and the correct years they were all made.

(We've done our best but are aware of one big mistake so far that can be corrected right within this issue. In the 1946 film **BLACK FRIDAY** his name was not Dr. Seward but Dr. Seward. We probably don't have to ask readers to point out any further errors to us but we will anyway; and most especially we would appreciate any additional information on possibly overlooked Karloff films. Even as we wrote the foregoing words we discovered one more omission in our **Checklist: THE DAY DREAMER**, Embassy Pictures, 1966. In which he was the voice that narrated **Thriller**. What can anyone tell us about a purported Karloff film, **THE MYSTERY OF WENTWORTH CASTLE**? British title of an American film?

What a nuisance!—overnight the letter we were copying has somehow got misplaced just when we meant to give its author's name & city. So late in putting this issue together now, don't have time to stop and search for it. Sorry about that! Maybe it'll turn up before the Fang Mail date. Is finished, in which case we'll be sure to tell you his name.)

HIS HEART'S IN THE RIGHT PLACE

I was greatly shocked to learn this morning at 7 of Boris Karloff's death. I would like to ask you a favor. Please forward this card of sympathy to Mrs. Karloff immediately. (Gladly.)

PAUL HASSE
Dallas, Tex.



But from the past his works live on
Masterpieces do not die—
in them he'll ever be nearby
And in the night, above the towns,
A full moon shines on English downs.
—Mary Ellen Nabogliatti

• Thank you, Mary Ellen. We think this will touch a common chord in all our readers.

HER LOVE LIVES ON



Devoted Karloff Fan Sheri McAdams

THE IMMORTAL FRANKENSTEIN

Mr. Karloff has not died alone for a part of every fan who loved him dearly, as I did, died with him. A part of him will go on living forever in every fan, and in each person who will ever see **FRANKENSTEIN** on the late late show **SHERI MCADAMS** *Riviera, Calif.*

DETAILED DISCUSSION OF "THE DEATH"

I have some real bad news for you: **BORIS KARLOFF** died Sunday, Feb. 2, in a hospital near London, England. I am really shocked to hear about Mr. Karloff's death. Another era has ended. Karloff was another one of Hollywood's most beloved, respected actors. His death marks the end of a very fine career in the entertainment world. He was 83 years of age when he passed away. Boris Karloff has now passed on from life, he has now joined **LEON CHANEY SR.**, **BELA LUGOSI**, **PETER LORRE**, **SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE**, **CHAS. LAUGHTON**, **CLAUDE RAINS**, **BASIL RATHBONE** and many many others who have (whether performer or a non-performer) contributed during their lifetime to the fantasy world.

SARON McCLANE, a character actor, died Jan. 1, 1968, at the age of 66 years. He played in 2 horror films, **THE**

MRS. BORIS KARLOFF

THIS ISSUE dedicated with gratitude to the only person to whom it could possibly be dedicated, the dear widow of our departed hero—**MRS. BORIS KARLOFF**—who was his steadfast companion in the twilight of his life and with him at its end. As many copies of this Memorial Issue as you may want are yours for the asking, **EVELYN KARLOFF**. **Celia Lovsky-Lorre**, who knew and loved your husband, has frequently told us how much the issue meant to her that was dedicated to the memory of Peter Lorre after his death. We have done our best to honor the name of the man who came to fame in our field nearly 40 years ago and we are sure will not be forgotten during the lifetime of anyone presently reading these words... which we hope will serve to remind you and Mr. Karloff's daughter and nearest relatives and dearest friends during the remainder of all your lives—will serve to remind you that you were close to a man who was **Santa Claus'** only serious rival for the affection of yours & old alike. God keep you, Mrs. Karloff.

A TOUCHING TRIBUTE

A lonely, cold and whirling day
That clothes the wind swept world
in gloir.

This a day for the children of Poe
And for those who dream of long ago
On this day has died a king
Who wore no crown or royal ring.
Who ruled no kingdom, had no
command.

Except the power of a gentle hand,
No matter how frightful his disguise,
A love for children shone thru his
his eyes.

And in return they called him king—
"King of Monsters"—but no sting
Did that title strange contain.
Only honor for his reign,
The reign is over; the king is gone:



FAMOUS MONSTERS

OF FILMLAND

INCORPORATING MONSTER WORLD

JAMES WARREN

founder & publisher

FORREST J. ACKERMAN

editor-in-chief

BRILL & WALDSTEIN

art direction

RICHARD CONWAY

managing editor

WALTER DAUGHTERTY special photography

NO. 56 JULY 1969



OUR COVER:
Gogolstein! The Great
Popular Favorite!

His Interpretation
of the Star of the
#1 Karloff film.

4 FANG MAIL

Completely Expanded This Time! Devoted to YOUR Devotion to Our Departed Hero.

7 LAST RESPECTS

Lee Remick, Peter Lorre's Widow, Lita Stang and George Pal Speak of Boris Karloff.

8 KARLOFF IN THE MAGIC CASTLE

All About One of His Last Big Public Appearances.

22 THIS WAS HIS LIFE

The Night that National Recognition Deservedly Came to Our King.

23 LAST RESPECTS

Christopher Lee and Robert Hloch Speak of Boris Karloff.

24 THE KING & I

The Editor met Mr. Karloff Ten Times. Here He Shares with You Memories of One of the Most Memorable of Those Fabled Moments.

31 LAST RESPECTS

Vincent Price, William F. Nolan and The Dracula Society Present Speaks of Boris Karloff.

32 KARLOFFILMS CHECK LIST

A Source and We've Compared on King Karloff's Motion Picture Appearances.

34 FRANKENSTEIN!

Feature Filmbook (Part II) You'll Say It's Too Good to be True! Plenty of Words, Plenty of Pictures—All Thrilling & Chilling. When Your Hair has Turned to Silver, This Filmbook will be Among Your Golden Memories!

53 LAST RESPECTS

John Considine and Elsa Lanchester Speak of Boris Karloff.

54 THE GRAVEYARD EXAMINER

We've dug Up an Old Favorite Again. By Fan Demand: YOUR Department on Clubs, Fengshui, Fandom, Amateur Movies, Swaps, Etc.

59 MYSTERY PHOTO

Santa Claus Comes Early This Year.

60 YOU ASKED FOR HIM

Two Pages of Nothing But Pictures of the King. A Dozen Great Photos of Mr. Greatest.



Page 12



Page 24



Page 28



Page 37

FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND, JULY 1969 #56 PUBLISHED BILMONTHLY BY WARREN PUBLISHING CO. PRICE \$2.00, COPY 1.00. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: 1 YEAR, \$20.00 IN THE U.S.; ELSEWHERE, \$25.00. EDITORIAL OFFICES AT 22 EAST 42ND STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018 (CLASS MAIL PRIVILEGES AUTHORIZED AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES). CONTRIBUTIONS ARE INVITED PROVIDED RETURN POSTAGE IS ENCLOSED. HOWEVER, NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ACCEPTED FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIAL. POSTER CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 1969 BY WARREN PUBLISHING CO. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. PRINTED IN U.S.A. SUBSCRIBER CHANGE OF ADDRESS, CITE 5 WEEKS NOTICE. SEND AN ADDRESS INQUIRY FROM RECENT ISSUE OR STATE EXACTLY HOW LABEL IS ADDRESSED. SEND OLD ADDRESS AS WELL AS NEW.



Continued from Page 4

YOU CAN DEPEND ON "PHOTON"

(PHOTON is an amateur magazine—a "filmsteroid fanzine"—that for a number of years has been "devoted to the serious study of science fiction, horror & fantasy motion pictures." Its editor writes the following.)

It is a time of great sadness for millions of fans & non-fans alike. The King is dead.

I have been working hard on my new issue, trying to get it out by early March. With the passing of Karloff, I feel that it would not be complete without a tribute to him from you, the editor of FM. Would you, perhaps, write a small bit in your issue to Karloff for PHOTON. (Sorry, absolutely not—only a LARGE tribute to one so worthy.)

Boris Karloff shall not die!

MARK FRANK
801 Ave. C
Brooklyn, N.Y. 11218

• We give you Mark's complete address so you can do yourself a favor and get him Karloff Memorial issue of PHOTON. Just send 60c for your postpaid copy, an issue we're sure you'll treasure always.

WORDS OF WISDOM

I write this letter a little sadly but not with a tragic sadness. I feel we should all grieve Mr. Karloff (feel loving appreciation for him) as a great man who lived happily and died with much accomplished. Few people could ask for more.

GREG BEAR
San Diego, Calif.

FM has always been like a part of my life. I have been interested in motion pictures ever since I was a child and then a purchase of FAMOUS MONSTERS made horror my main "idol."

My only wish is that Hollywood wakes up soon to the fact that the reason horror films aren't at their millenium is because of such overused material. There is so much yet to be filmed. I get sick of looking at new horror films, always hoping for something fresh. So all I have is my own films and the late masters of TV.

I hope FM never has to stop publications, for any reason. As LIFE magazine is to news & events, FAMOUS MONSTERS is to horror movies.

RICHARD MADDAUD
Huntington, N.Y.

• Thank you. There's life in the 56-year-old "boy" yet. We hope even those who usually have some adverse criticism to express about FM will have some appreciation of this issue. And the next—for that matter, for with the conclusion of the Filmbook of FRANKENSTEIN and further features about Karloff, the Memorial will really be in two parts.

A FAMOUS FIRST

I'm proud to announce that I was the first person to check "An Illustrated History of the Horror Film" out of the Richmond Public Library! And, also, I didn't agree with the author's opinion of NOSFERATU (the first movie version of DRACULA). I found it an interesting, well-written, enjoyable book.

CONRAD WATSON
Richmond, Calif.

WANTED! More Readers Like



DUANE JENSEN

"HE LIVED WELL & DIED LOVED"

Mr. Karloff isn't with us any more and that's a loss it will be hard to face up to and realize for a while. But in a way he's still here.

My initial reaction on hearing the sad news was to scumble a few lines hastily, to put my thoughts down.

He lived well & died loved, and in that sense he will never die. A more full life would be rare, a greater dignity & charm even rarer. As he has entertained generations, so will he entertain generations more. It may be said that Boris Karloff, the man is dead—but Boris Karloff, the artist, the image, the loved & loving soul—he is immortal.

"The Master will never die..." and in his brief sense, that still applies.

Some tribute should be made to the Master. Men who loved children but tributes in his case aren't essential. He was his own tribute and his own memorial.

Nevertheless...

G. REGINALD URSO
La Jolla, Calif.

"RIGHT NOW, SOMEWHERE IN HEAVEN"...

We weren't around in 1930 when Charley Sr. passed away but it couldn't have been a sadder day than when the world awoke to the news that King Karloff had died. Our phone began ringing at 8:30 in the a.m. when a friend phoned from Brooklyn to tell us the news. We had just been talking to an English friend of ours currently living here about Mr. Karloff. The fellow had an uneasy feeling that Boris would soon be passing from our midsts and he wanted to write him as soon as possible before it was too late.



Boris Karloff in 1939

One of the proudest moments of our collecting career came 2 years ago when in answer to a mammoth letter Mr. Karloff was kind enough to personally autograph some of our slabs. They mean a lot to us now. What we're happy about is the obvious fact that he did lead such a full, rewarding life right up to the end. It wasn't a case like Lugosi who died a tragic figure, penniless, ravaged and forgotten. The same applied to Sir Cedric. But with King Boris it was as he always wished that it would be. He received front page stories across the country, including the New York Times—the ultimate respect. Gladly, then, the Times chose to run a photo of Glenn Stringfellow in one of the few mistakes in their storied history! Cronkite, David Brinkley among others had things to say about him. Brinkley recounted a story told to him by a friend, that when Karloff finally crossed the pearly gates they might not recognize him if he weren't garbed as Shelley's Frankenstein creation. The courage & reverence paid him will be fitting his deservedly legendary status in this world. Right now, somewhere in heaven, Boris is renewing acquaintances with Bela, Lionel, Paul, Edward Van Sloan and all of the other friends who passed on earlier.

Our great concern now is that Mrs. Karloff won't be pestered in future years by hordes who want stupid things like the pillow he slept on or the Frankenstein head bolts. We can't think of anything more cruel or thoughtless than such a practice. She deserves her privacy and a much needed rest.

STEVE & ERWIN VERTLES
Philadelphia, Pa.

• We are proud to number such considerate fans among our constant readers.

WANTED! More Readers Like



JANET ANN GARNETT

KARLOFF MYSTERY (SOLVED)

I recently came across a fact concerning Karloff's career that I have never seen in your magazines and I wondered if you knew about it. The fact is that Karloff appeared in the 1939 Universal serial THE PHANTOM CREEPS which starred Bela Lugosi. I saw a feature version of the serial just 2 days before Karloff's death. He is not given billing and appears as a double for Lugosi in a scene where Lugosi is supposed to be lowered into a volcano to get a monster. Karloff is wearing a helmet and only his eyes are visible but those eyes are Karloff's!

CONTRIBUTORS submitted for publication should include Name & Address on each letter & drawing. The editor would like to hear from you and to see a photo of each writer (please PRINT your name on back of picture). Write to:

Fang Mail Dept.
FAMOUS MONSTERS
32 East 42nd St.
New York, N.Y. 10017

LON CHANEY

says of BORIS KARLOFF

They wanted me to go on television and talk about him but I had to turn them down because, to be honest with you, I didn't know him that well. And—you all know me—I'm not the gushy type. Just let me say that it was a pleasure to work with him—way back in '45 when we made *HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN* together, and in '52 in *THE BLACK CASTLE*—and some years later when we did that Route 66 stunt when I played my Dad's role of the Hunchback and Karloff was his own best creation, the Frankenstein monster. I was glad to get the chance to carry on his role in *GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN*, and like everybody else in show business, I guess we knew his death was to be expected, all the same it's sure hard to think of an actor like him gone after all the years he was active on the screen. He and I both got an award from the Dracula Society, and to all its members and the readers of this magazine, who I know will miss him most of all, let me say I'm sure it was a blessing to have so many people care about him at his age.

Rest in Peace, Boris Karloff.



KARLOFF & CHANEY in *HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN*, Universal 1945.



LORRE & KARLOFF in *YOU'LL FIND OUT*, RKO 1940.

GEORGE PAL

His death really hit me hard even though I had never met him. He was the kind of person you instinctively wanted to meet, I wish I could have used him in one of my films. God bless him.

And God bless you, George. The best use to which you could put the Time Machine that H. G. Wells loaned you, I feel at this time, would be to go back 40 years and bring us a young Boris Karloff to make more pictures for us till 2009, when it would be time for another rescue. He was the king we all really wanted to live forever . . . FJA

PETER LORRE'S WIDOW

Celia Lovsky, told us the following over the phone:
"He was a wonderful man."

"I did the last Playhouse 90 with him, the hour and a half long television show written by Rod Serling called 'In the Presence of Mine Enemy'."

"Peter knew him, of course. They did 'You'll Find Out' and 'The Boogey Man We'll Get You' together, and toward the end of Peter's life, those two comedies that they enjoyed doing so much: 'The Raven' and 'The Comedy of Terrors'."

"You can't imagine what a fine gentleman he was. Peter liked him immensely."

Celia Lovsky

(Miss Lovsky played the beautiful elf-eared dietatrix of Spock's planet in the *Star Trek* episode known as "Amok Time"; Lon Chaney Sr.'s mother in *THE MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES*; had a cameo role in Geo. Pal's most recent science fiction film, *THE POWER*; and once played Alraune Mandragore, the soulless female Frankenstein, on the stage in Germany.)

FRITZ "M" LANG

I regret I didn't meet him 'til the last year of his life. It was at dinner at Robert Bloch's. Forry Ackerman was there. He can tell you I liked Karloff immensely.



KARLOFF IN THE MAGIC CASTLE

**an evening with
frankenstein
and his friends**

horrorwood, karloffornia

King Boris the Benign of Great Britain last April flew 6000 miles in a magic jetodactyl, in the body of a huge mechanical thunderbird with bones of steel and wings of fire. He came to participate in a reception in his honor given by loyal subjects of his far distant exotic kingdom of Hahliwod.

In a supesecret appearance known beforehand only to a select few, the King (affectionately referred to by his civilian title of "Mr.



KARLOFF & Dr. Ackels, FM's editor wrote the narration for the horror-hit record, *An Evening with Boris Karloff and His Friends*.

Frankenstein") was given what was later reported around the world as "his first major press party in 40 years."

The party took place on the premises of the world famous Magic Castle, up the hill behind the equally fabulous Gruman's Chinese Theater where King Kong (in person) once ruled the forecourt in 1933.

Later that evening, as the hour grew close to midnight, millions of Californians learned that the legendary King of Karloffdom had been in their midst. They learned this when their television sets temporarily became terrorvisions, for 4½ minutes of an absorbing interview with the elder statesman of fright films. The newsworthy meeting with Mr. Monster had been filmed several hours earlier.

Scant blocks away on Hollywood Blvd., had passersby known that around 7 p.m. Boris Karloff was just up the hill in the "haunted" house, the inside crowd, consisting primarily of 50 local, national & international reporters, would more

than likely have swelled to smothering proportions.

Among the celebrities present I noted Don (Mask Maker) Post, Robert (Deadly Bees) Bloch, Donald (Dracula Society President) Reed, Alex (She-Creature) Gordon, Ruth (Atomic Submarine) Gordon, Verne (Men Behind the Masks) Langdon, Mr. Karloff's Agent, Melt (Magic Castle Owner) Larsen—and the Editor of FAMOUS MONSTERS.

FAMOUS MONSTERS was the only horror magazine represented at the press conference and hence we are able to bring you this exclusive interview.

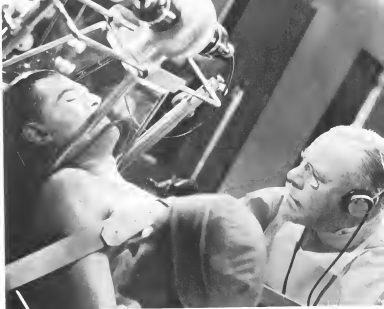
thousand dollar decorations

Decca Records, sponsors of the unique event, had decorated the Castle in colorful, karloffull, expensive style. As one walked thru the entranceway, the eye was immediately arrested by an attractive banner which proclaimed to the world in no uncertain terms that this was a Welcome to *An Evening with Boris Karloff & His Friends*, the title of the King's new hit album, which he thrillingly narrates from a script written by FM's editor. "I turned down a previous script that was offered me," said Karloff, "because it was too flippant, too full of whimsy. The narration I recorded is a straightforward documentary of my life & times in the make-believe world of monsters."

I recognized Langdon & Larsen, who co-sponsored the creation of the record, and stepped up to them, asking "How is the record selling?"

"Tube be or not tube be?" wonders BK as he holds test tube before his scientific gaze in the simian scare pic, *THE APE*.





His electrocuted corpse about to be brought back to life in **THE WALKING DEAD**.

"Like hotcakes in Alaska," responded Langdon.

"Like coldcakes in Africa!" echoed Larsen.

And I learned during the course of the evening that they weren't kidding, when Decca's personal representative informed me that Hollywood's largest record shop had completely sold out of the album during its first week, *before* any publicity had been put out. Such is the magnetic drawing power of Karloff . . . and his friends! (His friends include Bela Lugosi, Lionel Atwill, Colin Clive, Ernest Thesiger, Elsa Lanchester, Edward Van Sloan, Maria Ouspenskaya and Dwight Frye.)

into the inner sanctum

In the lobby was a rare original poster from **SON OF FRANKENSTEIN**. (Fiercely affixed to the wall.) There, in bright litho-colors, was Basil Rathbone, posed with syringe in hand; there,

bearded broken-necked Bela as Ygor; and there, inevitably, the Frankenstein monster: Karloff.

I signed the register, noting the many important signatures ahead of mine, and then, as directed by the (g)hostess, spoke to the wise old (curved) red-eyed owl on the door leading to the Inner Sanctum.

"Open, Sesame," said I, in the best tradition of the Arabian Nights.

"Sex hoo?" bawled the owl.

"Sex me?" I repeated.

And a shelf of books creaked open like a secret panel in **THE CAT & THE CANARY** or the rock door in the side of the mountain that led to Mursana, **THE PHANTOM EMPIRE**.

As my eyes grew accustomed to the dark interior I observed a roomful of people & posters. Some of the people I didn't recognize; all of the posters I did. The reception room was profusely papered with onesheets, lobbycards & magnificent stills (kind that make collectors drool) from **FRANKENSTEIN**, **BRIDE OF FRANKEN-**



A towering performance in Universal's **TOWER OF LONDON**, 1929.

Radioactive hands of death in **THE INVISIBLE RAY** (Univ. 1936).



STEIN, THE MUMMY, DRACULA, FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN, THE BLACK CAT, THE RAVEN, THE WEREWOLF OF LONDON and many other hits starring Karloff and famous cinema companions of old. In fact the room looked more like the prize den of a 10-year-veteran of *FAMOUS MONSTERS* or the offices of *FM* itself in New York.

I wondered at the incredibly decorated walls, and how Decca rated . . .

slop press!

Karloff had not yet arrived at this point so I singled out his agent as a source of information. I had heard rumors that Karloff was in town to make a picture. I assumed it was for AIP. I was astonished to learn otherwise. It seems to have been shot—in great secrecy—on the 20th-Fox lot. A Roger Corman project. And here's what will kill you:

It's called **BEFORE I DIE!** (Not to be confused with **DOOMED TO DIE** which he did for Monogram in 1940 or **BEFORE I HANG** which he made the same year for Columbia.)

And the plot?

You won't believe this!

Like right out of *Forest Lawn*:

"It's about a 79-year-old actor," I found his agent telling me, "who has specialized in horror films all his career. In fact it's almost the biography of Boris!"

Who could ask for anything more?

(However, several weeks after getting the "inside dope" from Karloff's agent, I read a report in the press which was completely different. The news release made it sound as tho **BEFORE I DIE** were based on the tragic happening in Texas of the deranged student who climbed up on a tower and gunned down so many innocent people. Was the report mistaken or the agent? Only time will tell. In any event, no Karloff fan will want to miss **BEFORE I DIE**.)

the ghoul & alex gordon

I recognized producer Alex Gordon and remembered from the story on him in *FM* how he had been frustrated as a teenager because he was underage, in England, to see Boris Karloff in **THE GHOUL**. By now Karloff had arrived at the Castle and was surrounded by friends, well-wishers, photographers & reporters. As Gordon was just walking away from Karloff's table, I approached him and asked if he'd learned anything interesting he might share with *FM*'s readers.

"For my favorite magazine?" he beamed. "Always glad to oblige. I just talked with Boris and reminded him that I was still searching for a print of **THE GHOUL**. He laughed and said, 'Well, don't search too hard! I've heard it wasn't one of his favorite films. Nevertheless, I'm determined to see it.'"



in **THE MAN WITH NINE LIVES**. His fans wish he had 900!

"Maybe you should remake it," I offered as a spur-of-the-moment solution.

"You know," Gordon said, "Ferry Ackerman suggested the same thing to me! It would be great if I could get Boris to repeat the role. And I'd put Ferry in the picture too!"

FJA as Sir Cedric Hardwicke—? Ernest Thesiger?

mystery title identified

FM's Australian correspondent, Chris Collier, had come up thru the mails with a title which had the experts stumped:

BIMI.

Claimed Collier: "BIMI was the name of a Karloff film released in Argentina in 1932 or '33." But it is omitted from all lists of Karloff's film career. I intended to ask the Ultimate Authority himself about the lost picture, but suddenly I found my ears pricking up like Jean Marais' in **BEAUTY & THE BEAST**, for Alex Gordon was saying:

"Ah, yes—BIMI. That was like when they took the Herman Brix serial, **THE NEW ADVENTURES OF TARZAN**, and put the chap-

ters together into a complete picture, which was released as **TARZAN & THE GREEN GODDESS**.

"Or when the **BUCK ROGERS** serial became **ROCKET SHIP**, or **FLASH GORDON** became **MARS ATTACKS THE WORLD**.

"BIMI?" We hunched forward and cocked an attentive ear, for by now 50 people were crowded into a relatively small space, and the hubbub was deafening.

And the revelation came.

All collectors of Karloff film titles, attention: you may now add this information to your files:

BIMI was the full length version title of Karloff's early serial with Dorothy Christy & Wm. Miller—

KING OF THE WILD!

old mystery—new mystery

But hardly had one mystery (BIMI) been solved than a new one popped up. I saw Robert Bloch move away from Karloff's circle, his head shaking, a perplexed gaze in his eyes.

"What's up, Bob?" I asked.

Being Bob Bloch, he answered: "A corpse, hanging from a gallows, fresh for Dr. Frankenstein & Fritz." Then he continued: "Seriously,



Who could hold a candle to the King himself when he played in one of his own segments of TV's *Thriller*?

In-bo-top, 3700-years-dead in the dust of Egypt, revived by Universal in 1932.



Karloff just told me something that has me baffled . . ."

"which was?"

"That he was directed by Lionel Barrymore in an MGM picture called *THE GREEN GHOST*."

"*THE GREEN GHOST*? I remember a *YELLOW TICKET* from MGM but he sure wasn't in that, tho I think Barrymore was. He couldn't have been thinking of *THE BELLS*, could he?"

"No, he said it was the first talking mystery they made at MGM."

"Wasn't that *THE UNHOLY NIGHT*?"

"I think you're right."

"But where does *THE GREEN GHOST* come in?"

"That was 1929, in the days of *THE BAT*, *THE CAT & THE CANARY*, *THE TERROR* and all kinds of mystery plays that were being adapted from the stage. *THE GHOST TRAIN* was another. Maybe *THE UNHOLY NIGHT* became the final title after Karloff left the picture, and it was called *THE GREEN GHOST* while he was shooting it."

During his official press interview a short time later Karloff again brought up his appearance in *THE GREEN GHOST* but nothing was settled at the time about the picture. I am inclined to believe that it was the film I remembered—*THE UNHOLY NIGHT*—and that Bob Bloch's explanation was correct.

the voices from below

Thru the din of conversation I vaguely began to be aware of "other" voices, oddly different, oddly familiar voices, coming from somewhere else in the Magic Castle.

My ears took me toward the source of the sound: underground. That thunder, electrical crackling as of a lightning storm or a high-voltage laboratory or both, that distant howling of wolves, bits of dialog such as "I bid you—welcome" . . . "It's moving—it's alive!" . . . "Even a man who is pure in heart . . ." etc.—yes, they were definitely drifting up from the cellar.

Dared I descend?

A sign at the head of the stairs warned that below lay the dungeon of Dracula.

Just then a young couple that I recognized as *FM* readers came bounding up the stairs with flushed faces. "There're monsters down there!" they shouted to me as they took the stairs two at a time. "Frankenstein . . . Dracula . . . the Wolf Man!" But then they laughed as they passed me: "All on record. They're playing Boris Karloff's reced downstairs in Dracula's den. You should go and hear it. It's great."

I had one foot downstairs when I heard Verne Langdon call out, "Ladies & Gentlemen, Mr. Karloff is about to conduct his interview," and I hastily joined the members of the press. I was fortunate in finding a seat exactly next to *FM*'s



Karloff pats gorilla behind **THE APE** balli
FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND



Karloff and some of his friends. Behind the mask of the familiar looking fiend on the left is Manuel Wolfmeyer, co-founder of the Count Dracula Society and ghoul-in-residence at the Magic Castle.

editor, who in turn sat directly next to the King himself. On Karloff's other side sat his constant companion, his wife.

As Karloff looked up at his audience, seated in a semi-circle of chairs on an incline, he immediately set the tone of relaxed good humor by joking, "I hope my jury will be as kind as it looks!" Everyone laughed and began asking him questions.

the career of karloff

He started off by telling us how he left England for Canada in 1909. He first got a job as a lumberjack. The next year, while working in a forest chopping down trees, and getting pretty tired of the heaviness & monotony of the work,

he heard of an opening as an actor. "It was in a stock company whose reputation was so bad that no one would work for it," he said. "But I decided I would. I left my ax in the air!"

In 1910 he gained experience as an actor by appearing in 106 new plays in 53 weeks!

In 1913 he came to the USA for good. "And, indeed, America has been good to me.

"I got my first movie job as a \$5-a-day extra in a film with Doug Fairbanks Sr. That was HIS MAJESTY, THE AMERICAN in 1919."

In answer to a question from the audience about Bela Lugosi—

To be concluded next issue. Read Don't miss what Karloff has to say about BELA LUGOSI . . . LON CHANEY SR. . . the original FRANKENSTEIN . . . his wife . . . Boris Karloff "JR." . . . etc!

KARLOFF IN THE MAGIC CASTLE

BY PAUL LINDEN

PART 2: CONCLUSION

MR. MONSTER'S
LATEST
HORRORWOOD
INTERVIEW

just before intermission

WHAT you may have missed.

OR—to refresh your memory.

Briefly, in issue #46 . . . I told bow in April a London to Los Angeles flight was made by the King of Fright himself. In what was billed as "his first major press party in 40 years," Boris Karloff appeared at the world-famous Magic Castle in Hollywood in conjunction with Decca Records' release of his unique monster album, *An Evening with Boris Karloff & His Friends*.

Learned during the exciting evening were such interesting facts as:

The title of his next picture—BEFORE I DIE.

The title behind the title of a mystery title, BIMBI: BIMBI was the name of the full length version of Karloff's early serial, KING OF THE WILD.

What he got paid for his first movie job: \$5 a day!



Being made up for his vampiric role as The Wurdalak in **BLACK SABBATH**. (Photo by Gianni Assenza.)

And a new mystery was born: **THE GREEN GHOST**, Karloff mentioned a couple of times during his visit to the Castle that he appeared in such a picture. But experts such as Alex Gordon, Bob Bloch, even *FM*'s editor, were baffled.

Now go on with the story . . .

about bela—

"Mr. Karloff," a reporter asked, "what could you tell us about Bela Lugosi? Were you good friends?"

"No, we really didn't socialize. You see, our lives, our tastes, were quite different. Ours was simply a professional relationship. But I have warm recollections of him as a fine actor and a great technician. And I'll tell you a story on myself, about Bela:

"It was during the making of **SON OF FRANKENSTEIN**, the 3d & last time I played the monster." (Purists insist that he played the role 4 times but I was interested to note—and record for posterity—that the Master himself did not refer to his brief resurrection of the Monster on TV in the *Route 66* segment.) "Bela was a big man, and I was supposed to pick him up and carry him. I put one wrist beneath his knees, the other behind his neck—and lifted.

"I hadn't lifted a pound!"

Eyebrows lifted and a gale of laughter rose at this anecdote.

Karloff continued, "I met Lon Chaney Sr. He did *all* his own make-up, you know—designed & executed it. A fine actor. I think it a dead certainty I wouldn't be sitting here now if Chaney had lived and done **FRANKENSTEIN**.

"I had made **GRAFT** at Universal and James Whale saw me and wanted me to test for the part of the monster. I had no idea of the importance of the role but Jack Pierce knew, he stalled the test 2 weeks while working on the make-up and the make-up sold the part."

Don Post commented from the audience: "It was the most impressive, frightening film to that time."

MRS. monster...and the "son" of frankenstein

All this while a charming quiet blond lady had sat by Mr. Karloff's side; his wife. One of the reporters asked: "How does Mrs. Karloff feel about your fiendish performances?"

Karloff was not embarrassed to admit: "My wife is a woman of great taste—she has seen very very few of my pictures!"

After the laughter died down, he added: "In fact it was only last year that she saw



"Hush, Hush, Sweet Virginial" says Karloff to Miss Mayo in *THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY*.

FRANKENSTEIN for the first time."

The Karloffs are very good friends of the Blochs, and later on Mrs. Karloff remarked to me: "You know, Elly Bloch & I are in the same boat, so to speak—we're both cowards where our husband's films are concerned! That remarkable Mrs. Bloch flies her own airplane—but she's never seen Bob's *PSYCHO* or any other of his scary pictures. Says she's he frightened to death!"

FM's editor once showed me a foto of a fairly fleshy individual, a sort of Victor Buono type, signed "Boris Karloff Jr." or "the son of Karloff"—something like that, I forget exactly what. I had often wondered about it, being aware that Karloff has a daughter but having been unable to track down any evidence that he had a son. I was mulling over in my mind if it would be advisable to ask him this question publicly, wondering if there were some private sorrow attached to the son and the inquiry might prove tactless, when suddenly it popped out of the mouth of someone else.

The answer was quite simple and caused Karloff no pain.

"Ah, yes," he said. "'Tony' Karloff. No relation whatsoever. But many years ago this young man wrote and asked permission to use the name, in connection with some mystery stage act he was putting on, I believe, and I

attached no particular value to the name at the time so I gave him permission to go ahead."

bela . . . "the bells" . . . and frye

One very interesting question was cleared up:

"Mr. Karloff, did you ever see Bela Lugosi do *DRACULA*?"

And the answer, an affirmative:

"Yes, on the stage."

Another question: "Can you tell us anything about Dwight Frye?"

"Not really. We met when he played the swart in the first *FRANKENSTEIN*. I know nothing about his outside life." (He may not have been aware that Frye died in '46.)

Robert Bloch asked: "About your make-up in *THE BELLS*—"

Karloff anticipated his question. "You mean the Caligari-type make-up," he said. "Ah, yes—that was over 40 years ago . . . 1926, to be precise, I believe. The first make-up they gave me made me look like Svengali, and Lionel Barrymore, the picture's star, said, 'No, that's no good,' and, since I was supposed to be a sinister mesmerist, he went to work transforming me into a kind of Werner Krauss. A marvelous man, a great man, Lionel; so stimulating to work with."



You can't go Wong with Karloff as an Oriental. His most famous Eastern menace was Fu Manchu but here we bring you a side & front view of him in his lesser known characterisation as Mr. Wong in the "House of Hate" film known as **THE MYSTERY OF MR. WONG**.

looking backward

The week after Karloff's party, this story was released by Associated Press Movie-TV Writer Bob Thomas:

Hollywood, Apr. 12—Last week they gave Boris Karloff a party—the first in his honor during almost a half-century in Hollywood.

The occasion was the release of a Decca album, *An Evening with Boris Karloff & His Friends*, which features scenes from the actor's films including **FRANKENSTEIN**, **BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN** & **SON OF FRANKENSTEIN**.

The site for the party was natural enough: The Magic Castle, a spooky old mansion off Franklin Ave. where magicians meet. It's a club where diners & drinkers are sometimes joined by vampires & monsters, presumably imitated by Magic Castle personnel.

Karloff seemed at home in such surroundings and he responded with his usual good humor. Unlike some stars who resent being typed in their most famous roles, the London-born actor (real name: William Henry Pratt) has always spoken affectionately of the cliff-browed monster he first played in 1931.

"I am a very lucky man," he reflected. "Here I am in my 80th year (he'll reach the mark Nov. 23) and I am still able to earn

my bread & butter at my profession. I am one of that very small family of the human race who happens to thoroughly enjoy his work. If I didn't enjoy it, I wouldn't go on."

Despite a leg brace to aid an arthritic knee, he maintains an active schedule. He & his wife now live in a London flat and a cottage in Hampshire, England, but he comes here twice a year for films. During the past year he also made an *I Spy* in Spain and starred in **THE SORCERERS** in London.

Karloff is now in his 11th year of a *Reader's Digest* radio program which is carried by 400 U.S. stations. He tapes the daily show wherever he goes.

He had a lively run in recent years making horror pictures for American-International, along with pals Lon Chaney Jr., Basil Rathbone & Peter Lorre—"I miss Peter terribly; he was a delightful man and a truly original actor—there was none like him."

"I'm here to finish up **BEFORE I DIE**, which is a story similar to that campus sniping in Texas," he said. "I also hope to get the script of the next film, which I'm looking forward to. I understand it's a jungle film, and I play a kind of Albert Schweitzer."

Boris Karloff as Albert Schweitzer!!!!

Peter Bogdanovich, 26, wrote *BEFORE I DIE* to bring "a new dimension to horror." He costars in his own script with Karloff. And, incidentally, the title has been changed to *TARGETS*.

"*TARGETS*," says Bogdanovich of his picture, "contrasts two kinds of horror, the kind represented by Boris Karloff and the senseless kind so prevalent today—a man walks into a beauty shop and kills 6 people or climbs a tower and starts sniping away. In the past people were killed usually by strangulation or by a knife. Now a machine does it for you. The horror of modern killing is that you can kill somebody and not get blood on you—not be physically stained."

"With Boris I have tried to exploit his screen character." Basically, Boris plays himself! A 79-year-old character actor, famous for a lifetime of portraying horror parts. (Excuse me—Karloff hates the word. Let us rather, in deference to the grand old star who has so deftly delineated so many macabre roles, refer to them in the language he prefers, "tales of terror.")

karloff & kevin

Hollywood critic & reporter, Kevin Thomas, recorded this anecdote:

The month long exhibit in honor of the photograph album "An Evening with Boris Karloff and His Friends" in the principal show window of Hollywood's top record shop at Sunset & Vine. (Courtesy Wallich's Music City.)

The chauffeur-driven limousine pulled up to the drive-in box office. Tuxedo-clad Boris Karloff leaned out the rear window and asked to speak with the manager.

Altho the lights & cameras made clear that he was acting, the patrons of the Reseda Drive-In, long accustomed to seeing him on the screen, were no less startled to find him in such an unlikely setting. Indeed, it was the first time in his life that Boris Karloff had ever been at a drive-in—in person.

And when it came time to complete the climax of *TARGETS*, inside the crowded outdoor theater he soon took the play away from the movie that was being shown.

a final word from the fine old gentleman

As he concluded his interview at The Magic Castle, Karloff observed:

"My leg in a steel brace... operating with only half a lung... why, it's a public scandal that I'm still around! But, as long as people want me, I feel an obligation to go on performing. After all, every time I act I provide employment for a fleet of doubles!"

THE END (IS NOT YET)
O KING, LIVE FOREVER!



DURING the 1960s, the greatest honor bestowed upon a famous personality on television would be to hear his name mentioned, look up with a curious glance and hear the familiar voice of Ralph Edwards announce . . .

"THIS IS YOUR LIFE!"

It was an honor reserved for the true giants of public life—the motion picture superstars, the sports heroes, the humanitarians.

That the greatest terror star of them all should receive such tribute on network television just days before his birthday that November night is not surprising. It was, however, a tremendous surprise to the soft-voiced Englishman when Edwards' announcement caused him to look up from his paper work, astounded.

"Boris Karloff . . . This is your life!"

TO those watching the program at home, it may have seemed strange to see such a broad, warm and grateful smile capture the face that three times had been buried upon the blue-gray greasepaint, high forehead and metal clamps of the Frankenstein Monster. Now, every trace of the terrible had vanished. This was Karloff the man, Karloff the feeling human being, receiving the thanks for a genre of films he had shared with Chaney in creating.

After being ushered to the CBS studios, Karloff's image filled the television screen in the form of a number of stills from the original Universal FRANKENSTEIN, the film that owed him so much, and to which he owed the same.

Ralph Edwards proceeded in his narration with the biography that is already preserved in the minds of Boris Karloff fans, recounting the master's portrayal of such fantastic creations as THE MUMMY and THE GOUL. It would be only repetitions to include a life story here.

Two particular incidents on the program were, however, especially significant and interesting.

First, Karloff was given the two doorknobs from his old Universal dressingroom. Again viewers saw that wide grin; but Karloff didn't let the matter end right there. No, his quick mind

**THE NIGHT
OUR KING
WAS
CROWNED**



**THIS
WAS
HIS
LIFE.**

By Victor Morrison

clicking for a possible laugh, the actor placed the two doorknobs at his neck, simulating the tiny electrodes that once protruded from each side.

Doorknobs either side of his neck, however, were still not the real thing. The introduction of another guest from Boris Karloff's past proved even more

memorable. He was the man who, in a sense, helped to create the Frankenstein Monster as much as Henry Frankenstein himself . . . and Im-ho-tep, the living Mummy, and the twisted faced killer Bateman of THE RAVEN.

He was the man with whom Karloff himself worked out the final make-up that was to identify the Monster in FRANKENSTEIN . . .

Jack Pierce!

The make-up genius of the talkie era, taken from us in 1968, less than a year before the sorrowful death of the beloved Boris Karloff—he was there to take the place he earned in the Englishman's life.

And while Karloff had already been given the pair of make-believe plugs, now he would receive the real things from Pierce.

The two neck electrodes of the Frankenstein Monster!

NEARLY two decades had passed since the actor had worn them, to renew the electrical energy of the Monster in THE SON OF FRANKENSTEIN.

Boris Karloff's sense of humor was hinted at on his THIS IS YOUR LIFE special when one of the guests related a typical incident of the 1930s. The actor had been invited to a large Hollywood party at which all the guests wore tuxedos. When the master arrived, he was attired like all the others—with one exception. He carried with him a box that looked suspiciously like . . . a tool box! What made the tuxedoed guests stand back in abject astonishment and then laugh was the fact that it actually was a tool box! Karloff then marched straight forward into the kitchen, removed his jacket, sat on the floor, opened the box and proceeded to tinker with the plumbing!

Boris Karloff had been paid the homage he deserved on coast-to-coast TV. It was a birthday present, yet more, for it showed him that to his peers and fans he was more than just a Monster, a Mummy, a Mad Doctor. He was Boris Karloff, and loved primarily, for that simple fact.

And it was Karloff the man that Ralph Edwards addressed with these wondrous words . . .

"Boris Karloff . . . THIS IS YOUR LIFE!"

END



KARLOFF & LEE in CORRIDORS OF BLOOD

CHRISTOPHER LEE

wrote by hand from London:

"We are all terribly distressed—it is a gap in my life and the end of an era in the Cinema. We shall not see his like again. . . .

"As I explained in my cable, Evie [Mrs. Karloff] does not want flowers and the funeral is entirely private for family only. She is bearing up wonderfully.

"I believe the end was peaceful and indeed it must have seemed a blessing."

Then, the next day:

"As a follow-up to my letter of yesterday:

"I can quite understand how you are feeling—you are one among countless thousands who will mourn the passing of a noble human being.

"He was a master of his craft, who gave pleasure to millions for many years and whose work will serve as an object lesson for years to come to many more.

"I always found him a wise and understanding friend, with a fund of warmth & humor and above all, of indomitable courage & cheerfulness in the face of great physical adversity.

"He truly loved his fellow men . . ."

Christopher Lee has played roles originated by Karloff—the Frankenstein monster, the Mummy. For a period he was a next door neighbor to Karloff and his daughter was born on Boris' birthday!



A Ray Jones portrait of the English gentleman. (On the set of THE BLACK ROOM, 1935.)

ROBERT BLOCH reminisces:

The news of Boris Karloff's passing came to me as a great shock. Only a week before, Mrs. Karloff had written to assure me that he was comfortably convalescing. She relayed his request that I accept an award for him at a forthcoming banquet where we were both to be so honored. "We often talk of the last lovely evening we spent at your house," she wrote, "and hope we shall see you here again before too long."

"Here", of course, was the Karloffs' country place, where my wife and I spent a sun-dappled Sunday in July of '68. Although it was by no means their first meeting, my wife persisted in addressing him as "Mr. Karloff" and that always amused him. "Please, my dear—surely you remember my name is Boris," he teased. "Ask your husband!"—this with a mock scowl in my direction—"he knows only too much about me."

Mrs. Karloff escorted my wife on a tour of their cozy English cottage and returned to exhibit a photograph to me. "You may know a lot about Boris," she said, "but here's a picture of the monster you've never seen." I gazed upon the delicately sensitive features of a child, whose wide eyes peered wistfully out at me from a Victorian setting across a span of 75 years. We talked, as we often did when we were together, about that long lifetime, so rich in memories. And after luncheon we retired to the terrace, basking in the afternoon's glow and listening to the muted murmur of the river winding past the ground



THE KING & I

BORIS KARLOFF granted me an interview & it is my pleasure to share it with you.

by Forrest J Ackerman

NEXT to Lon Chaney Sr., whom I never met, for years the man in monstrosity that I most wanted to meet was Boris Karloff. It was not enough that I had once seen him briefly backstage after a performance in *CIN BORROWED TIME* and acquired his autograph on a copy of the anthology he engineered, "And the Darkness Falls." It was not enough that once in my life I saw Peter Lore, stood next to Charles Laughlin, watched Lon Chaney Jr. act, observed Basil Rathbone on a set, regarded a funeral bed on which

Colin Clive lay dead, called Ter Johnson "friend", have seen Elsa Lanchester & Rod Serling & Fritz Lang & Brigitte Helm & John Carradine & Fredric March (Dr. Jekyll) & Spencer Tracy (Mr. Hyde) in person, been in Vincent Price's home, saw Dwight Frye on the stage in *DRACULA*, and that Bela Lugosi & I were friends while the final curtain was slowly descending on his life.

No, above all else I always wanted to really meet Boris Karloff, to converse with him a short time, to ex-

press my appreciation to him for the pleasure he has given me in the past 30 years.

Jan Nicholson of American International was thoughtful enough to arrange it for me late last year. It was during the filming of *THE RAVEN*. Sam Sherman, our editorial director of *SCREEN THRILLS* *ILLUSTRATED*, was visiting Hollywood from New York, and I took him along to the studio with me. It was Sam who first spotted Karloff. He suddenly nudged me & said, "There he goes. Now's your opportunity. Go."



OK, this is a familiar book.



An autograph of King Karloff the First.



As the change-of-pace benevolent inventor of **THE NIGHT KEY**. (Universal Pictures, 1937.)



Undergoing make-up ordeal for role in **FRANKENSTEIN**—1970.

can catch him in his dressingroom."

i meet my favorite

I high-tailed it to the cubicle into which Mr. Karloff had just vanished. He had just eased himself into a chair when I approached the open door of the little room and, placing one foot on the first stair & inserting my head part way into the room, I asked, "Would it be alright to come in a moment?"

He was very gracious. "Why, yes, of course," he said, his world-famous voice sounding just as it had in **THE BLACK CAT**, **THE INVISIBLE MAN**, **THE MUMMY** and so many others.

I introduced myself as the editor of **FAMOUS MONSTERS**.

"I have a set of your magazines," he replied. This neither flattered nor surprised me as I had visited the set a few days earlier, calmed him, and left the magazines in a package on a table for him.

"I have enjoyed your pictures for over 30 years," I said. "Since **FRANKENSTEIN**—that was about 1931, wasn't it?"

"Yes," he said, "that was about the beginning of it." I knew that, historically speaking, his statement



Heat & horror take their toll in the burning desert. **THE LOST PATROL**, RKO 1934.

KARLOFF & LUGOSI as MONSTER
& YGOR in CLASSIC PORTRAIT
from SON OF FRANKENSTEIN.
(Universal Pictures, 1939.)





Character study from **THE DEVIL'S LABORATORY OF DR. RABNOW**. What?—you don't recognize the title? Ah, yes, that was its German name; perhaps you know it better as **FRANKENSTEIN**—1970.

his wife, sitting comfortably in front of his hearth in his home in England, instead of here on this sound stage, about to climb, unaided a steep flight of stairs, then have to clamber up some rubble.

The scene he was about to shoot was practically the end of the picture. It was just after the grand explosion following the duel of wizards. Dust & debris were still falling out of the air (studio workers studiously pumping vile vapors in his direction). He did the scene where he tried to repair or change a dress for his wife by a wave of his hand; unsuccessful, he bowed his head & said, "I guess I just don't have it any more."

astute observation

A voice at my side spoke. I had been so engrossed in watching Boris Karloff act that for the moment I had half-forgotten the presence of my friend & fellow editor by my side.

"Just don't have it any more" was echoing in my ears when Sam Sherman committed to me under his voice, "Oh yes he does!" And it is indeed true. At 75, Boris Karloff has lost none of his touch, his magic, was far from senescent, for it is recorded that as early as 1916 (in fact the year I was born) he appeared in a picture, **THE DUMB GIRL OF PORTICI** . . . In 1919 was in the

Doug Fairbanks film **HIS MAJESTY, THE AMERICAN** acted in Kosmik Film's 12-part serial **THE HOPE DIAMOND MYSTERY** in 1923 and, the same year, appeared in **THE CAVE GIRL** . . . etc. However, I knew what he meant, that figuratively speaking his career began with his immortal portrayal of the Frankenstein monster, and I did not make a point of questioning his statement.

Just then someone opened the door & called him away momentarily to answer the phone. I took advantage of his temporary absence to soak in the atmosphere, to realize that I was sitting in the dressingroom of Boris Karloff and that in a few minutes he, like his indestructible monster, would return!

the return of karloff

When Mr. Karloff did indeed return, I asked him about **THE BELLS**. "Ah, yes," he replied, "the silent film with Lionel Barrymore. I played a strange physician in it, a practitioner of mesmerism." We might have discussed the picture & other of his early performances but at that moment another individual appeared at his door, a man who turned out to be a mutual friend, producer Alex Gordon. As I recall (and it is too late at 2 o'clock in the morning as I type these words to call & double check it) Alex' brother produced the British Karloff film, **CORRIDORS OF BLOOD** that is about to be released in this country. Alex & Boris chatted briefly & then it was time for Mr. Karloff to enact a scene—Roger Corman was calling for him on the set.

the shock of my life

I HAVE seen Karloff in roles like the original **HAVEN** where he was quite twisted and **THE TOWER OF LONDON** where he had the bandy legs & club foot and in **THE BLACK ROOM** but from his TV appearances as host of *The Miller* I thought of him as standing quite erect, very tall & straight. It was, therefore, a terrific shock to me to observe how truly bent he is in real life. It seemed to me that, walking naturally, he was almost more doubled over, more crablike in his appearance, than I had ever seen him when putting on an act on the screen. At that moment I felt a great compassion for him; in a telepathic world he would have heard in his head a sincere message from me that would have said, "Dear Mr. Karloff, much as I personally love you & want you to live forever & go on acting forever, I wouldn't ask you to go on acting at the age of 75." I wondered why he wasn't 5000 miles away with



Moderate RAVEN role.



B.K.—Today.



Ancient RAVEN role.



THE MAN WITH 9 LIVES.
As THE HAUNTED STRANGLER.



his mesmeric attraction—if anything, I would say after witnessing his performance in THE RAVEN that he is more powerful than ever

last minutes with my master

He autographed my photoplay edition of FRANKENSTEIN and let Sam & me pose for pictures with him, then he sat on a stool, reading some "wild lines", hamming it up, enjoying himself hugely & making me feel that apparently I was wrong in feeling concern about him. Despite his shortness of breath, the arthritis or whatever it is that curves him so cruelly, he obviously was having fun. Unlike Lugosi, that poor old rancor-so-rummed shell of a man in the last years of his life, it is evident that Mr. Karloff does not have to keep going for financial reasons. Like today's elder statesman of singers, Maurice Chevalier, Boris Karloff evidently continues his motion picture & TV career primarily because he loves his work, his fans.

Before flying back over the North Pole to home, he made one more picture now awaiting release: THE TERROR, in color. He'll be back later on this year, for further roles with Loretta Price.

If & when you read the lines of this interview, Mr. William Henry Pratt, I want again to say "thank you." My hat's off to you, my head's in the clouds & my heart's wishing you all the warmest. In these sentiments I'm sure well over a hundred thousand readers of this magazine simultaneously join me.

In chorus we say "O King, live forever!"

END



Character shot, Universal, 1940.
From ARSENIC & OLD LACE (stage).





NO. 1—COLLECTOR'S EDITION



NO. 2—THE MUNSTERS



NO. 3—THE SHE CREATURE



NO. 4—LETTER TO LEE



NO. 5—KARLOFF'S NEWEST

USE THIS COUPON TO GET VALUABLE BACK ISSUES OF MONSTER WORLD



NO. 6—HOLIDAY ISSUE



NO. 7—FRANKENSTEIN'S SON



NO. 8—DOCTOR X



NO. 9—THE ADDAMS FAMILY



NO. 10—SUPER HEROES

MONSTER WORLD
BACK ISSUES DEPT.

P.O. Box 5947 Grand Central Station
New York, New York 10017

All Copies Mailed
in a Shrinky Envelope
for Protection

- ☐ Rush me the #1 COLLECTOR'S EDITION Enclosed is \$2.00
☐ Rush me Issue #2 of MONSTER WORLD Enclosed is \$1.00
☐ Rush me the Great She Creature Issue #3 Enclosed is \$1.00
☐ Rush me the Great Chris Lee Issue #4 Enclosed is \$1.00
☐ Rush me the Great Karloff Issue #5 Enclosed is \$1.00
☐ Rush me the Great Civil Rights Issue #6 Enclosed is 75c
☐ Rush me the Great Faintest Issue #7 Enclosed is 75c
☐ Rush me the Great Dr. X Issue #8 Enclosed is 75c
☐ Rush me the Great Addams Family Issue #9 Enclosed is 75c
☐ Rush me the Great Super-Heroes Issue #10 Enclosed is 75c

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP CODE _____



KARLOFF & PRICE—two friends having fun. THE RAVEN of '63, AIP.

PRAISED by VINCENT PRICE

To me Boris Karloff was not only a great actor but a dear and long time friend. What I admired most about him was his enormous gratitude to the public and movie makers who made it possible for him to have such a long and productive career. He often spoke of it and with great feeling and always with humor. That humor was of course the secret of his charm, humor and genuine concern for his friends.

I worked with him from the beginning of my career, THE TOWER OF LONDON, right up till the end of last year when we did the opening Red Skelton Show together. His amazing fortitude at that time only went to confirm my very deep respect for him as an actor and person. The whole show was devised to allow Boris to play it in a wheelchair but on his first entrance dress rehearsal night he sensed a chill from the audience at seeing him in their midst completely crippled. He set his mind to playing it standing up and on that grueling day of the show he went through every run-through on his feet—he was needless to say wonderful as usual and the audience loved him as did all of us on the show.

One of my favorite movies was with Boris, Peter Lorre and Basil Rathbone, THE COMEDY OF TERRORS. What wonderful fun they all were and how I shall miss them all. All of them were highly intelligent, extremely kind and vastly amusing men. None of them felt other but privileged to have had a faithful public for so many years.

I am proud to have worked with all of them and to have counted them among my closest friends.

Editor's Note: This handwritten letter (two pages) was sent by Vincent Price from New York to our Hollywood office. We at FM have long known him to be a fine, sincere, cooperative gentleman; this act of kindness only adds to our respect for him as a human being.

THE DRACULA SOCIETY'S PRESIDENT TELL US:

Just a few days before his death I received the following letter from Boris Karloff:

"Jan. 17. Dear Mr. Reed:

"I am more than proud that your Society has voted me a special Mrs. Ann Radcliffe Award.

"Unhappily I will not be in Hollywood at the time but I would be more than happy if you could persuade my friend Mr. Robert Bloch, whom I am happy to see is also receiving an Award, to accept on my behalf. I am writing Mr. Bloch by this same mail to ask him if he will be kind enough to do this for me."

Our 7th Annual Awards Dinner will take place on April 19th but among the 250 chairs in the Hollywood Room of the Knickerbocker Hotel will be an empty chair reserved in memory of the King of Horror Films, Mr. Boris Karloff, who in spirit will always be with us.

Prof. Donald A. Reed

OUR "MEAL WITH A MONSTER" INTERVIEWER COMMENTS:

Karloff is dead. An era ends . . . Shocked by the sad news, yet expecting it, I asked myself: what can he do to preserve his memory. Many things, of course. Books, articles, essays, photo stories . . . but NOW what can be done? No one will ever replace him. He reigned supreme in his genre.

The king is dead. I count myself lucky to have known him—even for an afternoon!

William F. Nolan

THE KARLOFF FILMS



1919

His Majesty, the American (Mexican bandit) UA
The Prince and Betty (bit part) Pathe

1920

The Deadlier Sex (FL—Canadian trapped) Pathe
The Courage of Mingo O'Donovan (Can. trapper) V
The Last of the Mohicans (Ind. villain) AP

1921

Without Benefit of Clergy (Alfred Khan w/L) P
Hope Diamond Mystery (w/L high priest) deval
Cheated Hearts (Mexican bandit) Universal

1922

Cave Girl (half-breed kidnapper) First Nat'l
Ran from Downing Street (Maharajah) Vitaphone
The Idolist (villain ruler) First National
The Alibi Stairs (Nag) Universal
Over the Treetops (in Calif) Universal

1923

A Woman Creeps (French-Canadian) First Nat'l
The Prisoner (bit part) Universal

1924

Dynamite Dan (Joanias/Tony Garcia) Sunset

1925

Pursued Nights (soldier) Paramount
Forbidden Cargo (ship's mate) FBO
Prison Wife (Mex. half-breed) Metro-Goldwyn
Lady Robin Hood (villain) FBO
Never the Twain Shall Meet (So. Seas w/L) MG

1926

The Greater Glory (bit part) First Nat'l
Her House, the Governor (comical) FBO
The Belts (Caligula-like assassin) Chadwick
Eagle of the Sea (pirate) Paramount
Old Inverness (pirate) Paramount
Flames (Blacky Sheppette) Assoc. Exhibitors
The Golden Web (murder victim) Gotham
Flaming Fury (small part) FBO
Men in the Saddle (small part) Universal
The Nickel-Hopper ("big belch") Pathe

1927

Tarzan and the Golden Lion (murder chief) FBO
Let It Run (small part) Paramount
The Redline (Sargeant) Pathe
Phantom Buster (villain) Pathe
Soft Cushions (villain) Paramount
Two Arabian Knights (stark) United Artists

1928

The Lone Wolf (small part) First National
Burning the Wood (villain) Universal
Villains of the Sea (?) Mascot serial

1929

Little Wild Girl (FL—Can. villain) Teatry
The Fatal Warning (w/iron) Mascot serial
The Devil's Chaplin (small part) Rayart
Phantom of the North (FL—Can. w/L) Britmore
Two Sisters (villain) Rayart
The Uncely Night (Hindu stevedore) MGM
The Green Ghost (illuminated life of above)
King of the Kings (heaven's dad) Mascot serial
Behind That Curtain (murder suspect) Fox

1930

The Bad One (prison guard) BA—Schwick
The Sea Rat (half-breed w/L) MGM
The Wild Kid (bandit) Tiffany
Mother's Day (murder victim) Warners

1931

King of the Wild (stark) Mascot serial
The Criminal Code (prison suspect) Columbia
Cracked Nuts (revolutionary) RKO
Young Doctor's Kid (scarface Colney Joe) RKO
Smart Money (Sport Will) (suspect) Warners
The Public Defender (stark) RKO
I Like Your Nerve (bit part) Warners
Five Star Final (vill., ex-prosecutor) Warners
The Red Genius (w/Thomas father) Warners
The Yellow Ticket (soldier) Fox
The Gentry Generation (beer blazer) Columbia
Griff (Tom's murderer) Universal
FRANKENSTEIN (THE MONSTER) Universal
Tarzan or Never (murder) United Artists
Business and Pleasure (stark) Fox

1932

Alias the Doctor (adultery suspect) Warners
Scarface (murder) United Artists
The Cobbers & Kinky's in Hollywood (barnyard) U.S.
The Miracle Man (Nikkita/con man) Paramount
Behind the Mask (murder suspect) Columbia
The Mummy (in-to-top/Katish Bey) Universal
The Old Oak House (murder suspect) (det. del.)
Night World (night club owner) Universal
The Rank of Fu Manchu (Fu Manchu) MGM

1933

The Ghoul (Prof. Abrant/vivand) GB

1934

The House of Rothschild (Baron Ledovsky) UA
The Lost Patrol (Sardes/villain) (murder) U.S.
The Black Cat (Hulmer/Peter w/Lugosi) U.S.
House of Doom (English title of above)
GB of Gals (murder w/Lugosi) Universal

1935

Beast of Frankenstein (the Monster) Universal
The Raven (Barnes w/Lugosi) Universal
Black Pains (the w/Arthur/Garner Belmore) Cal.

1936

The Invisible Ray (James Ruhl w/Lugosi) U.S.
The Walking Dead (2) (murder) Warners
Charlie Chan of the Cross (Ravel) Fox
The Man Who Lived Again (lead scientist) GB
Man Who Changed His Mind (Eng. title of above)

Dr. Mordax (re-release title of above)
The Brain Scavenger (re-release of above)
Juggernaut (Dr. Strizius) (Good National)
The Deuce Doctor (alternate title of above)

1937

Night Key (Dr. Holroy) Universal
Rest of Shanghai (Gen. Wu Yan Fang) Warner
The Warlord (alternate title of above)

1938

The Invisible Menace (Delmore) Warner
Without Warning (alternate title of above)
Mr. Wong, Detective (title role) Monogram

1939

Sea of Frankenstein (Monster w/Lugosi) Ufa
The Mystery of Mr. Wong (Mr. Wong) Monogram
Mr. Wong in Chinatown (title role) Monogram
Phantom Creeps (Bela serial) (Inv. Ray Francis) U
The Man They Could Not Hang (Henry Aronson) Col
Tower of London (Mold) Universal
The Fate Near Mr. Wong Monogram

1940

British Intelligence (spy Walter Schuler) WB
Black Friday (Dr. Sess) w/Lugosi (Dr. Sess) Ufa
The Man with Nine Lives (Dr. Sess) Columbia
Behind the Door (English title of above)
Devil's Island (Dr. Chas. Givert) Warner
Doomed to Die (Mr. Wong) Monogram
Believe I Rang (Dr. Sess) Columbia
The Age (Dr. Adrian Monogram
You'll Find Out (Judge Manning w/Lugosi) RKO

1941

The Devil Commands (Dr. Sess) Columbia

1942

Boogie Woogie (Prof. Billings w/Bela) Col

1943

Note

1944

The Glass (Dr. Mohan) Universal

1945

House of Frankenstein (Dr. Nemroz) Universal
The Body Snatcher (colonial Gray w/Lugosi) RKO
Isle of the Dead (Gen. Phrendes) RKO

1946

Bellum (Mr. Sess) RKO

1947

Lured (Mr. Van Douglas) United Artists
Personal Column (alternate title of above)
Secret Life of Walter Neely (Jewel) (Inv) RKO
Dick Tracy Meets Gwyneth (Gwyneth) RKO
Dick Tracy's Amazing Adventure (Exp. of above)
Unconquered (Chief Goyssatz) Paramount

1948

Tap Roots (Tribunage) Universal

1949

Robert & Castelle Meet the Killer (Scars Talbot)
A & C Meet Boris Karloff (English title of above)

1950

Note

1951

The Strange Door (script) Universal

1952

The Black Castle (Dr. Menzen) Universal
The Emperor's Nightgown (assistant) Reinhardt

1953

Calver March Investigates (Col. March) Panda
Convent March of Scotland Yard (same as above)



Saboteur (The General) United Artists
The Hondo (alternate title of above) UA
ASD Meet Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde (only Dr. J.) U
Master of the Island (script) Roman Films
The Juggler of Our Lady (script) Fox

1954-1955-1956

Note

1957

Vendor Island (Dr. Knight) UA
Silent Death (re-release title of above)
Frankenstein-1959 (Dr. Frankenstein) Allied
Crusaders of Blood (Dr. Sess) Producers Assoc.
Doctor Near Seven Deaths (Exp. title of above)

1959 Nov 1962

Note

1963

The Raven (Dr. Scarbath) AIP
The Terror (Eason Van Lugo) EAG AIP
Days of Thrills and Laughter (Mondy of K.)

1964

The Comedy of Terrors (Arnos Mackley) AIP
Black Sabbath (inventor & Woodstock) AIP
Three Facts of Terror (Exp. title of above)
Black Sabbath (re-release as horror) AIP

1965

Die, Monster Die! (Ruhm Wicky) AIP
Master of Terror (Exp. title of above)
Black Sabbath (script)

1966

Ghost in the House (Helen Stahly) AIP
The Vengeance of Dr. Frankenstein MGM

1967

Black War's Blood (Mond script) Made in Spain
Mad Monster Party (source of script) Embassy

1968

The Secretaries (Prof. Housman) Allied Artists
Targets (Eason Green) Paramount

1969: To Be Released

Curse of the Crimson Altar (Dr. Mordax) AIP
The Fear Chamber (good script) Arctico-Col.
Isle of the Snake People (re-release of above)
House of Evil (re-release of above)
The Incredible Invasion (lead script) Ar-Col.

Some Known Foreign Titles of Karloffs:
Black Castle: Mystery of the S. Castle (French)
Black Friday: Friday the 13th (French)
Black River: Mystery of the Gorge (French)
The Criminal: The Prisoner of St. Hubert (Belgian)
D. Tracy Meets Gwyneth: D.T. vs. the Gang (F.L.)
Frank 70: The Devil's Lull of Dr. Bombard (German)
The Glass: The Living Dead (French)
Juggernaut: Crime on the Riviera (Belgian)
King of the Wild: Ben (Austrian Feature)
The Man who Lured Angels: Switched Brains (F.L.)
The Mark of the Monster: The Mark of Gold (French)
The Old Dark House: Call of the Flesh (Belgian)
The Old Dark House: The Gray House (Belgian)
The Old Dark House: The House of Death (French)
The Old Dark House: A Strange Evening (French)
The Old Dark House: In a Sister House (Mex.)
The Strange Door: Buried Alive (Belgian)
The Strange Door: The Castle of Terror (French)
St. Door: Behind the Double Horror (German)

Unknown Abbreviations used as Checklist: AIP, Associated Producers, FRC, Film Booking Offices, GB, General-Broadcast, MG, Metro-Goldwyn, P, Pathé, RKO, Radio-Kathodephon, U, Universal, UA, United Artists, K, Vitaphone.

END

33

FRANKENSTEIN



King Karloff's Greatest Film of the Man Who Made A Monster

Prolog to Horror

BEWARE . . .

Out of the blackness of the sound stage, a finely-attired gentleman steps forth, halting within the single spotlight. He is Edward Van Sloan and he bears a message from the President of Universal Studios.

"How do you do?" he begins. "Mr. Carl Lennow feels it would be a little unkind to present this picture without a word of warning. We are about to unfold the story of Frankenstein, a man of Science who sought to create life after his own image without reckoning on God. It is one of the strangest tales ever told. It deals with the 2 great mysteries of Creation—Life & Death. I think it will thrill you; it may shock you; it may even—horrify—you . . . So, if any of you feel you'd not care to subject your nerves to such a strain, now's your chance to—er— Well, we warned you . . ."

Chapter 1 FIENDS AT THE FUNERAL

The solemn, soul-stirring words of invocation roll thru the air of dismal midnight, creeping uneasily thru the miasma that pervades the mediaeval graveyard, somewhere in Central Europe. Beneath the ebony sky, in the center of the necropolis assemblage, the black-garbed priest stands with the ring of death—the dreaded skull & cross—

bones—, mumbling the rites of the dead over the body within the coffin. Beside him is the sexton, holding aloft a lantern, and about him are gathered the family & friends of the deceased—two or three weeping women and a number of saddened, careworn men, many of whom are mourning the loss. The peasants, their hats in their hands, grimly view the open grave.

Shattering the deathlike stillness & silence that follows the prayer—soundless save for the sobs of the pallbearers—a church bell tolls in the distance. It echoes, reverberating over the deserted countryside, and it is soon joined by others, in noticeable contrast with the mournful mood that now encompasses the scene.

Four of the peasants slowly lower the coffin into the grave with jerky movements of the ropes and one aged woman—the bereaved widow—begins to wail pitifully but is comforted by an equally elderly man with tufts of windblown white hair scattered at random about his bald head.

Two nearly unseen figures peer between the slats of the moss-clad picket fence surrounding the cemetery, their eyes peer from among the long-untouched weeds. Concealed by the shadows, the

pallid Dr. Henry Frankenstein (Colin Clive) watches the ceremony, while beside him squirms his short hunchbacked assistant Fritz (Dwight Frye). The dwarfish Fritz, his twisted visage & glowing eyes moving impatiently in the dark, raises his head for a better view and immediately Henry seizes the tattered shirt on Fritz's shoulder.

"Down! Down, you fool!" he growls, scarcely above a whisper.

Fritz reluctantly returns to the dark shadows to witness the proceedings, altho with far less visibility.

The funeral is ended. The peasants take a final look at the coffin, then silently depart behind the priest. The sexton tilts the lantern upon his shoulder, following the others, and soon the flag of death recedes out of sight.

Chapter 2 TO RAISE THE DEAD

A man is dead. May God have mercy upon his soul . . . for Dr. Henry Frankenstein will surely not let his body rest peacefully in the sacred moist earth.



DWIGHT FRYE (left), the Meniacal Assistant of Dr. Frankenstein (COLIN CLIVE, right).

One man remains behind in the graveyard for his work has just begun—he is the gravedigger. He removes his coat & hat and tosses them aside; spits on his hands, rubbing them together. And gripping the shovel in his calloused hands, he begins the task of filling the grave. He hurls the sod & gravel down upon the coffin, creating a miniature avalanche of sound, and presently the grave is entirely covered. As if he were an aging familiar of Mother Earth, burying one of her fallen children, he pats down the loose earth firmly with the spade. At last he shoulders his coat and tosses on his hat and, throwing the shovel over his shoulder, abandons the cemetery.

Hurriedly, Henry & Fritz leap over the fence,

clambering over into the nebulous necropolis, and they excitedly hurl their coats to the ground, falling to work at reopening the grave-violating the sanctuary that only Death offers.

In the background, behind a crumbled & crumbling picket fence and among several gnarled trees, the statue or is it a statue?—of the Grim Reaper looks on, clothed in a shroud of uncertainty, its misshapen, bony hands clasped about the cruciform sword upon which it leans. Its horrible bone-white death mask catches & reflects the glow of the spectral clouds, tinted lightly by the rising moon's pallid brilliance. It stands, perhaps, to serve a purpose similar to that of a scarecrow—to frighten away hovering spirits of the dead, maybe even

demons...

A veritable demon himself, Henry shouts, "Now! Come on!"

Fritz & he heave up one end of the coffin but they cannot quite get it out of the now open grave. The two are obviously having some difficulty with it for it weighs as much as both of them combined.

"Hurry! Hurry!" Henry urges, glancing up at the sky. "The moon's rising—we've no time to lose."

Distracted and perhaps a little frightened, Fritz drops his shovel on the coffin lid and the resulting crash compounds the nervousness that Henry already has acquired.

"Careful!" he growls.

"Here it comes!" Fritz cries excitedly.

Finally the coffin is slowly shoved up onto the cemetery lot, as the sober-faced harried Henry somberly & forcefully raises up the end still in the grave. Fritz jumps out of the grave and crouches down on the ground, almost sitting, and with the aid of Henry pulls the coffin onto the ground. Henry crawls from the pit and goes to the dirt-encrusted casket. An almost imperceptible, thin-lipped smile upon his face, he pats the coffin lid fondly and the hollow sound rings thru the confines of its interior.

Satisfied, Henry mutters: "He's just resting... waiting for new life to come!"

Chapter 3

THE GIFT OF THE GALLOWES

The devilish pair make their way laboriously up a slope and along a bumpy country path, as Fritz

"Bodies from the graves, the gallows—anywhere!"

FRANKENSTEIN—Universal—

Released December 1931

The Players

Dr. Henry Frankenstein (mad genius)

COLIN CLIVE

Elizabeth (his frightened fiancée)

MAE CLARKE

Victor Morris (her devoted friend)

JOHN BOLES

THE MONSTER (the classic of horror)

BORIS KARLOFF

Dr. Waldman (alias Van Helsing)

EDWARD VAN SLOAN

Fritz (the demented assistant)

DWIGHT FRYE

Baron Frankenstein (crotchety papa)

Frederick Kerr

Vogel the Burgomeister (pompos)

Lionel Belmore

Hans the Woodman (Forester!)

Forrester Harvey

Maria (the daisy that didn't float)

Marilyn Harris

BASED on the world famous novel by 19-year-old Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley; Mrs. Percy B. Shelley. ADAPTED by John L. Balderston from the PLAY by Peggy Webling. SCREENPLAY by Garrett Fort & Francis Edwards Faragoh. DIRECTOR: James Whale. CAMERAMAN: Arthur Edeson. SETTINGS: Herman Rosse. PRODUCED by Carl Laemmle Jr. MAKE-UP: JACK PIERCE. This Filmbook fictionalized by G. John Edwards from tapescript by Pete Claudius. Special Editing by Forrest J. Ackerman.



pantingly pulls—with Henry lending a lesser amount of energy from the rear of the vehicle—the wooden cart bearing the coffin & corpse. Before them lies the gallows. A body is outlined against the night sky—the body of a criminal, who now hangs lifelessly by his neck from the thick wooden post. The languid wind causes the body to sway back & forth ever so lightly, turning nearly unnoticeably.

They leave the cart a few yards away and Fritz gazes at the corpse nearby. "Here we are. Look!—it's still here!" he snorts excitedly.

They advance toward the hanged man and Fritz, holding the lantern in one hand and a short, belt-tipped rod in the other, peers fearfully up at the corpse from his contorted stature.

Henry calmly pokes him in the back, ordering

"Climb up and cut the rope."

Fritz turns to him with a questioning gaze for this prospect holds no joy for the superstitious lost. "No!" he babbles, his voice trembling openly.

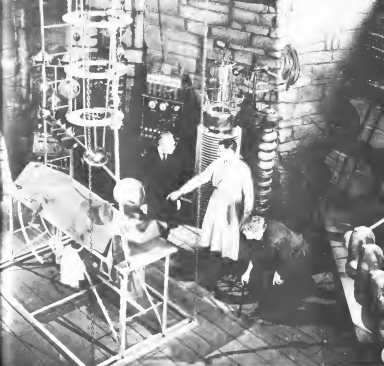
Henry frowns at Fritz' impudence. "Go on. It can't hurt you." He hands him a dull pocket knife. "Here's a knife."

Glancing fearfully at his master, Fritz reluctantly takes it and ascends the gallows like a slithering beast—true to his actual nature. He straddles the crossbeam and, the knife in his teeth, crawls along it until he is over the corpse. Removing the knife from his mouth, he carefully begins to saw away at the rope.

"Look out!" Fritz warns.

Looking down half fearfully, he watches as the corpse drops to the ground before Henry, who





"That body has never lived," Henry Frankenstein tells Dr. Waldman (Edward Van Sloan). "I created it, with my own hands."

steps back slightly.

"Here's the knife," Fritz calls, hurling it to earth at Henry's feet. Then he swings from the crossbeams like a repulsive baboon, slaving, "Here I come!" And he jumps to the ground again.

Henry examines the body of the hanged criminal while Fritz looks on wide-eyed, his lips twisted out of shape.

"Is it all right?" the diminutive ghoul inquires.

Henry spouts angrily. "The neck's broken. The brain is useless! We must find another brain . . ."

Chapter 4 THE CRIMINAL BRAIN

In the large auditorium-classroom within the

Goldstadt Medical College nearby, a night session is in progress. There are gathered a score of well-dressed gentlemen & women, looking on attentively as two doctors cover a corpse, wheeling it away on the operating table. They pass a 6-foot human skeleton, which one of the doctors accidentally brushes against, and it bobs up & down, a ridiculous look upon its fleshless face, to the great amusement of the medical students. Giggles begin to echo thruout the room.

The distinguished professor of anatomy, Dr. Waldman (Edward Van Sloan), resumes his lecture. Beside him, on the desk, are two large glass jars, each containing a brain in formaldehyde solution. The jars are labeled alternatively: NORMAL BRAIN & ABNORMAL BRAIN.



"It's moving . . . it's alive . . . it's moving . . . it's alive!"

The doctors leave the room. Waldman turns once more to the first jar intoning: "And in conclusion, ladies & gentlemen, here we have one of the most perfect specimens of the human brain that ever came to my attention at the University. And here—" He points to the second jar. "—the abnormal brain of the typical criminal." He indicates the various regions of the brain with his pencil point. "Observe, ladies & gentlemen, the scarcity of convolutions on his frontal lobe as compared to that of the normal brain, and the distinct degeneration of the middle frontal lobe. All of these degenerate characteristics check amazingly with the case history of the dead man, whose life was one of brutality, of violence & murder. Both of these jars will remain here for your

further inspection. Thank you, gentlemen. The class is dismissed."

Waldman departs from the auditorium and the students file out behind him in no apparent hurry. The door is locked and presently, after a brief moment of undisturbed silence, his twisted face of Fritz appears outside the window, cowering and peering into the latent laboratory. With his everpresent little rod, he pries the window open and stealthily enters. He prowls around in the room, crawling thru the rows of seats, engulfed in the darkness, and makes his way to the desk and pair of brains. Unnoticed, the skeleton stands in the shadows beside him as he stares with fascination at the strange things in the foul-smelling liquid. His ragged coat brushes against the "spectator"



"SH—DOWN!" Henry tries to teach his creation.

and, sensing something nearby, he wheels about very sharply. The scene that greets Fritz's superstitious eyes is that of the large skeleton, looming over him, jiggling & bouncing in an alarming, menacing manner. But he is not as fearful as one might imagine. Instinctively drawing a quick breath, he grabs the skeleton and halts its motion, as he gazes up at the fearful thing with a look of pure consternation—half apprehension & half bewilderment. Then he turns and lifts up the jar designated **NORMAL BRAIN**, worming his way toward the window, but unexpectedly—

Clang!

The dull but startling sound of something metallic being struck resounds from the darkness!

Half paralyzed by fear, letting a tiny gasp escape his misshapen lips, his trembling hands release the jar and his brain soon finds itself lying amidst a pile of broken glass, scattered *things* & splashes of formaldehyde

Fritz manages to calm himself and, realizing his inexcusable mistake, seizes the remaining jar—marked **ABNORMAL BRAIN**—and scrambles out the window.

Chapter 5 A LUNATIC'S LETTER?

Candlelight bathes the photograph of Henry Frankenstein in a pallid blue-amber aura, the flames

flickering eerily from a nocturnal draught. Sitting in the half-light of her room, Henry's fiancée Elizabeth (*Mea Clarke*) gazes fondly at the unmoving image. Suddenly, she is disturbed from her pleasant pastime by the erratic trembling of the candle flame and the maid opens the door, entering the room.

"Here Victor Morris," she announces.

Elizabeth rises to her feet and Victor (*John Bole*)—a mutual friend—steps in.

"Victor!" she gasps joyfully. "I'm so glad you've come."

"What is it, Elizabeth?" he asks.

She holds up a letter and Victor glances at it, nodding:

"Oh—you've heard from Henry?"

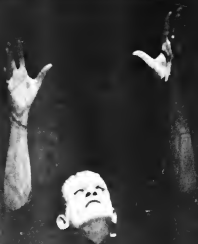
"Yes," she replies. "The first word in four months. It just came. Oh, Victor—you must help me."

Victor senses there is something wrong and readily offers assistance. "Of course I'll help you!"

They walk across the room and, standing beside the candles, Elizabeth shakes the letter at Victor. "I've read this over & over again, but they're just words—that I can't understand. Listen—" She quotes from the letter, which reads:

You must have faith in me, Elizabeth. Wait. My work must come first, even before you. At night the winds howl in the mountains. There is no one here. Praying eyes can't peer into my secret . . .

Born of lighting, He is attracted to the light.







Tense scene for Henry (with torch) and Dr. Waldman, with syringe, as Monster hesitates in doorway to its prison.

"What can he mean?" she asks, interrupting herself.

Victor is too absorbed to offer any interpretation. He inquires, "What does he say then?"

She continues. *I am living in an abandoned old watch tower close to the town of Goldstadt. Only my assistant is here to help me with my experiments.*

"Oh . . . his experiments," mutters Victor, somewhat relieved.

Elizabeth clutches the letter. "Yes—that's what frightens me. The very day we announced our engagement, he told me of his experiments. He said he was on the verge of a discovery so terrific that he doubted his own sanity." She looks skyward. "There was a strang look in his eyes . . . some mystery . . . his words carried me right away. Of course, I've never doubted him, but still I worry—I can't help it. And now, this letter! Oh, this uncertainty can't go on!" She & Victor sit down.

"I must know! Victor, have you seen him?"

"Yes—about 3 weeks ago," he replies. "I met him walking alone in the woods. He spoke to me of his work, too, I asked him if I might visit his laboratory. He just glared at me and said he'd let no one go there. His manner was very strange."

Elizabeth moans. "Oh, what can we do? Oh, if he should be ill—" She rises, her eyebrows knitted.

Victor too is concerned about Henry's welfare but manages to conceal it fairly well. He assures her: "Now, don't worry. I'll go to Dr. Waldman, Henry's old professor at medical school. Perhaps he can tell me more about all this . . ."

"Victor, you're a dear," she smiles. "You know I'd go to the ends of the earth for you."

"I shouldn't like that. I'm far too fond of you." Victor murmurs, "I wish you were."

Elizabeth — Henry's betrothed — turns away, sadly. "Oh, Victor . . ."



The Monster strikes! Weldman & Frankenstein fight to escape from the creature's clutches and lock it in its room once again.



"Oh, come away, Fritz, leave it alone," doctor pleads with sadistic dwarf.

"I'm sorry." He gets up, starting to leave, and Elizabeth & he shake hands.

"Goodnight Victor—and thank you. Thank you."

He smiles. "Goodnight. And don't worry. Promise?"

"I won't."

Victor departs from the room and walks across the hall toward the door but he is halted by a short cry from behind him.

"Victor!" It is Elizabeth again, hurrying after him.

He turns. "What is it?"

"I'm coming with you."

Surprised, Victor babbles: "But, Elizabeth—you can't do that!"

"I must!" She whirls about, going upstairs, "I'll be ready in a minute."

Before Victor can offer another word of objection, Elizabeth has gone to get her coat.

Chapter 6 DARK REVELATIONS

Victor & Elizabeth are soon seated before the desk of venerable Dr. Waldman in his office. On his desk are a number of test tubes, containing a rainbow array of chemicals, a microscope & numerous scientific tomes. Along the wall there is a cabinet that houses more chemicals, other dusty books and —10 skulls! Waldman, fingering his eyeglasses nervously, listens with extreme interest to the grim narrative of the two visitors.

"Young Frankenstein," Waldman adds, "is a most brilliant young man, yet so erratic he troubles me."

Elizabeth sobs. "I'm worried about Henry. Why has he left the University? He was doing so well —and he seemed so happy with his work!"

Eagle-eyed, craggy-featured Waldman frowns.



It takes 3 men to subdue the monster, who has the strength of many.



A pathetic creature. Karloff made him a monster more to be pitied than feared.

"Well, you know his researches in the fields of chemical galvanism & electrobiology were far in advance of our theories here at the University. In fact, they had reached a most advanced stage. They were becoming . . . dangerous. Herr Frankenstein has greatly changed."

"You mean, changed as a result of his work?" Victor queries.

"Yes, his work—his insane ambition to *create life*!" Waldman confesses.

Victor looks down at the floor, meditating.

"How?" cries Elizabeth, worriedly. "How? Please tell us everything—whatever it is."

"The bodies we use in our dissection room for lecture purposes were not perfect enough for his experiments, he said. He wished us to supply him with other bodies—and were were not to be too particular as to where & how we got them." He smiles painfully, continuing: "I told him that these demands were unreasonable and so he left the

University to work unhampered. He found what he needed elsewhere."

Victor laughs. "Oh—the bodies of animals! Well, what are the lives of a few rabbits & dogs?"

Waldman looks sharply, seriously at him. "You do not quite get what I mean, Herr Frankenstein was interested only in *human life*—first to destroy it; then recreate it. There you have his . . . mad dream."

"Can we go to him?" Elizabeth begs.

"You will not be very welcome."

"Oh, what does that matter!" she walks. "I must see him. Dr. Waldman, you have influence with Henry. Won't you come with us?"

"I am sorry but Herr Frankenstein is no longer my pupil."

"But he respects you. Won't you help us to take him away?"

Waldman rises. "Very well, friends. I warned you, but if you wish it . . . I will go."

Chapter 7 THE TOWER OF POWER

The elements whirl thru a vortex of black clouds & howling winds. A storm is rising. The ominous clouds are looming over the ghostly tower, circling like ravenous vultures, and thunder peals in the mountains far away.

Within the laboratory in the tower, Henry & the leathosee Fritz are adjusting the myriad devices & instruments that dominate the weird chamber's interior. Huge coils & monstrous cathodes & gigantic transformers stretch toward the heavens from the laboratory's oaken floor. The wasthlike lights flash & sizzle and the coils buzz & hiss in a never-ending array of Science's most astounding creations. The pygmy-like Fritz is on the ramrosts, tightening the electric absorbers and Henry meanwhile, stands beside the large operating table, suspended from the ceiling by four chains. The table itself is partially covered with a sheet, the contours of which reveal a human form of monstrous proportions. Henry turns from examining the cryptic figure and stands below the skylight, shouting up to the roof.

"Fritz!"

A voice rings above the sound of thunder & wind: "Hello!"

"Have you finished making those connections?"

"Yes—they're done."

"Well, come down soon!" calls Henry. "Then help me with the schedule! We've lots to do!"

Quasimodo-like, Fritz slides down the rope to the laboratory, where he finds Henry uncovering the flat and boardlike, gauge-wrapped feet of the thing upon the table. The hunchbacked dwarf snarls and eyes nearly popping out, shakes his fist at the inert form.

"Ooh—the fiend?" he spits

The thunder rumbles overhead but Henry is undisturbed by all this turmoil. His eyes flash as he snaps: "Fool! If this storm develops as I hope, you'll have plenty to be afraid of before the night's over! Go on—fix the electrodes!"

Fritz fastens the electrodes, charging them, and Henry dons a pair of earphones. As he turns a nearby dial, he listens eagerly to the wild crackling of static. He seems pleased by the results of the tests.

"This storm will be magnificent!" Henry shouts. "All the electrical secrets of Heaven . . . and this time we're ready! Eh, Fritz! Ready!"

Suddenly he hears a gasping noise behind him and, surprised, turns. "What's the matter?"

"Look!" grunts Fritz, pointing to the operating table. A pallid, gray-green & inanimate hand hangs limply over the side of the table, having fallen from beneath the sheet.

Smiling, Henry reassures him. "There's nothing to fear. Look—no blood, no decay . . . just a few stitches." He pulls the sheets back further, revealing the massive head swathed in bandages. "And look—here's the final touch: the brain you stole, Fritz. Think of it! The brain of a dead man . . . waiting to live again in a body I made! With my own hands—my own hands . . . Let's have one final test! Throw the switches!"

Henry covers the head once more and he & Fritz assume their positions at various instrument panels. The two turn dials, push buttons & yank levers and the machines suddenly come to animated life, crackling & flashing momentarily. An electrolytic

flame rises along a coil within a cylinder of glass. An arc of bluish light crackles to & fro thru a suspended transparent sphere. And a spiral streak of energy winds itself, serpent-like, about a sparkling cathode. Henry sees that everything is seemingly in order, satisfactorily prepared for the experiment—the final, ultimate experiment . . .

Fritz cuts the power off and once again only the rolling thunder is intermingled with the silence. Henry mutters excitedly:

"Good! In 15 minutes the storm should be at its height. Then we'll be ready . . ."

Chapter 8 UNWELCOME VISITORS

But Henry's plans are premature. For the moment his dreams are annihilated by the reverberations of a hollow knocking sound from the door downstairs.

"What's that?" Henry barks.

Fritz replies, "There's someone there!"

The booming continues. "Quiet!" shrieks Henry. "Send them away! Nobody must come here!" He gives Fritz a lantern, grading him down to the stairway, but suddenly he careens him around toward the operating table. "Here!—cover this!" The two yank the sheet up over the pale figure and Henry again sends Fritz to the stairway. "Whoever it is, don't let them in!"

All the way from France, and direct from the screen, this "candid" shot of the Kerloff-Frankenstein.



"Leave 'em to me," Fritz grins broadly, turning to hobble down the tortuously winding staircase. As he returns to his work, Henry mutters angrily to himself: "Of all the times for anybody to come!"

Fritz scampers hurriedly down the broken steps while the irritating knocking continues to resound. "You think I like it? Not much!" he growls to himself. "I'll show 'em a thing about it at this time of night! Got too much to do!"

Once more the knock echoes thru the tower. "Can't be bothered!" he swears. "Wait a minute! All right, all right! Wait a minute!"

Fritz finally reaches the ground floor and opens a tiny window in the door. Thru the barred opening he sees Waldman, Elizabeth & Victor, standing outside in the storm. Their coats are huddled about them and torrents of rain beat down on them.

"Dr. Waldman's here—" Victor begins, but without even as much as listening to what he says, Fritz spouts: "You can't see him! Go away!" With that, he slams the window shut in their faces.

Fritz, balancing himself with his rod, returns to the laboratory, still muttering to himself. "All right—knock! You can't get in!"

The group, finding their efforts at knocking futile, moves back from the door. They stand out in front of the tower and call up to the window of the laboratory, in which lights flicker & flash in a dazzling assemblage.

"Henry!" Victor shouts.

Waldman shouts after him: "Frankenstein!"

"Henry!"

Chaney's masterpiece was *Erik the Phantom*; Kerloff's—you see it here.



"Frankenstein!"

Annoyed, Henry finally goes to the window, peering out into the murky blackness of the fitful storm.

"Open the door!" calls Elizabeth.

"Let us in!" Waldman cries.

Henry, however, cannot see who is shouting. "Who is it? Who is it? What do you want? You must leave me alone now!"

"It's Elizabeth! Open the door!"

Henry realizes that the unwelcome visitors warrant special attention. He & Fritz reluctantly trudge downstairs to answer them. Henry yanks open the little window and immediately is greeted by a chorus of voices:

"Henry!" cries Elizabeth.

"Frankenstein!" Waldman demands.

Victor joins in: "Henry!"

But Henry is only more annoyed. "What do you want?"

"Open the door!" Victor demands, and Elizabeth pleads, "Let us in!"

Henry, leading the way, is followed by the three up the baroque stairway to the door of the laboratory where Henry hesitates. He turns to the others.

"Are you quite sure you want to come in?"

The question is answered by their nods and grimly—somewhat vengefully, altho with a note of resignation—he replies, "Very well." He hurls open the door and one by one they all die into the bizarre environment of Henry Frankenstein. However, before they can even protest, Henry has locked the door from the inside and slipped the key securely into his pocket. Turning, he sees their bewildered expressions, so he answers the unasked inquiry.

"Forgive me," he explains, "but I am forced to take unusual precautions. Sit down, please."

The trio is reluctant to follow his suggestion. Henry's fiery look singles out Victor in particular.

"Sit down!" he hisses.

Victor outright startled by the vicious command, eases himself down onto the convenient cot. Henry then turns to instruct Elizabeth to do the same but in a less fearful tone of voice:

"You, too, Elizabeth. Please."

She seats herself but Henry fails to notice that Waldman is not numbered among the congregation: He has wandered away into the interior of the laboratory. Unobserved, Waldman is standing over the carefully-wrapped body on the operating table, regarding it with a mental outpour of questions. He reaches toward it, preparing to take a closer, more rewarding look at the lifeless body.

Meanwhile, Henry informs the others: "A moment ago you said I was crazy. Tomorrow, we'll see about that!"

The fiendish mope Fritz catches sight of Waldman. "Don't touch that!" he shrieks with an outburst of animalistic passion.

The lightning flashes and the thunder roars.

Henry wheels about and rushes to the aged doctor, who slowly rises from inspecting the inert corpse, and he silently but meaningfully points to the remaining chair. He stares with blazing countenance at Waldman.

"I'm sorry, Doctor," Henry mutters, leading him to the chair "but I insist. Please."

Waldman contemplates Henry's change since the University days and then sits down quietly, without objection. He is instantly hurled a semi-arrogant refutation of his theories by Henry:



That Fritz just won't give up on the monster, will he? Well, he won't last till the end of the picture that way! (MORE GREAT PICTURES NEXT ISSUE!)

"Dr. Waldman, I learned a great deal from you at the University—about the violet ray, the ultra-violet ray, which you said is the highest color in the spectrum." Eyes glowing, Henry bends closer to him, almost whispering. "You were wrong. Here in this machinery I have gone beyond that. I have discovered the great ray that first brought life into the world."

Waldman is but mildly impressed for he has come to believe that Henry is unbalanced. As do all men of science he asks for more information. "Oh—and your proof?"

"Tonight you shall have your proof," he replies. "At first I experimented only with dead animals . . . and then, a human heart, which I kept beating for 3 weeks. But now—I am going to turn that ray on that . . . body—" He points to the motionless form—"and endow it with life!"

As Henry stands and points toward the covered figure, Victor & Elizabeth appear just as confused as they feel but Waldman still is reluctant to accept his explanation—to step across the eternal boundary between Science & the Supernatural.

"And you really believe," says he, taunting, "that you can bring life to the dead?"

Henry corrects him sharply. "That body is not dead; it has never lived. I created it—I made it with my own hands from the bodies I took from the graves the gallows, anywhere! Go and see for yourself." He rises and turns to Victor & Elizabeth, "You, too."

Calmly, Waldman gets up, walking to the operating table in the other corner of the room and he silently peers at the unmoving patchwork of corpses, sewed together into a single being. Victor & Elizabeth remain in their seats, too terrified to rise. Without a word of any sort—except for a nodding. "Yes, yes"—Waldman returns to his seat once more. Henry is somewhat amused by the group's reaction.

Henry stands before the corpse-like creation, leaning back against the operating table, and he looks up at the ceiling, his eyes sparkling wildly.

"Quite a good scene, isn't it? he muses. "—One man . . . crazy, three very sane spectators!"

Part 2 (Conclusion) in many more pages of Exciting Words & Thrilling Pictures.—plus Frankenstein Film Facts—in the next Great Issue of FAMOUS MONSTERS (#57) on sale June 26. Hunt your newspaper for it!

NEW! 8mm HOME MOVIE HORROR SHOCKERS ON FILM!

Own these fabulous terror thrillers for your very own. Now the same films that you read about in the pages of **FAMOUS MONSTERS** can come alive on your home screen. You can run them again and again for the thrill of your life. True weird classics, these productions represent the work of leading Hollywood producers, directors and casts. All films are approx. 200 feet in length, which is one **COMPLETE** reel. On standard 8mm home projectors each film is 75 FULL minutes of slasher cinema.



SON OF KONG

It took up where KONG left off before with Carl Denham in (1933) (also), see what new horror is in store for film.

\$4.95

Bela Lugosi in MY SON THE VAMPIRE

This film was originally titled "Old Mother Riley Meets The Vampire". It was never distributed in the U.S. A real must for Lugosi fans.

\$6.95



The HUNCHBACK

of Notre Dame
Charles Laughton in his unforgettable performance as Quasimodo, the cultured bell ringer of Notre Dame, becomes the rock crash star of Warner O'Hara and Susan Mitchell.

\$6.95



Swinging out of the city as a message of darkness



BAT MEN OF AFRICA

After nasty breath-taking encounters with bats, snakes, and Bat Men, Clyde Beatty and French survive the harrowing earthquake that destroys the last African city of Job.

\$6.95



the MYSTERIOUS DR. SATAN

A treat for all fans of B-movie cinema. Fast moving drama.

200 foot reel

\$4.95

400 foot reel

\$10.95



THE THING from Another World
One of the great Sci-Fi Classics. Is it Alien? (Muntz) or Vegetarian? James Arness plays "The Thing".

\$6.95

HUMAN MONSTER

Bela Lugosi stars in this great Edgar Wallace thriller. Top notch (400 feet of film.)

\$11.95



Nighty JOE YOUNG

Another triumph from the father of KODAK KOLOR. See the fantastic battle between Mighty Joe Young and the lions.

\$6.95



THE INVISIBLE GHOST...
Bela Lugosi in a thriller

\$5.95

FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER... horror beyond belief

\$5.95

THE VAMPIRE BAT... with Fay Wray, Lionel Atwell, and Melvyn Douglas

\$5.95

HIGHLIGHTS OF HORROR... scenes from PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME AND THE CAT AND THE CANARY

\$5.95

SHE-MONSTER OF THE NIGHT... terror in the shadows

\$5.95

THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS... with Lili Palmer and Leslie Banks

\$5.95

THE GOD OF OMAGULA NOSFERATU... The original OMAGULA. 400 feet of film (2 reels)

\$10.95

MISSILE TO THE MOON... satirism on the moon

\$5.95

MIDNIGHT AT THE WAX MUSEUM... chills and suspense

\$5.95

- ☐ THE INVISIBLE GHOST (\$5.95)
- ☐ HIGHLIGHTS OF HORROR (\$5.95)
- ☐ THE GOD OF OMAGULA (\$10.95)
- ☐ FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER (\$5.95)
- ☐ SHE-MONSTER OF THE NIGHT (\$5.95)
- ☐ MISSILE TO THE MOON (\$5.95)
- ☐ THE VAMPIRE BAT (\$5.95)
- ☐ THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS (\$5.95)
- ☐ MIDNIGHT AT THE WAX MUSEUM (\$5.95)
- ☐ SON OF KONG (\$6.95)
- ☐ MY SON THE VAMPIRE (\$6.95)
- ☐ THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME (\$6.95)
- ☐ BAT MEN OF AFRICA (\$6.95)
- ☐ THE MYSTERIOUS DR. SATAN (\$6.95)
- ☐ THE MYSTERIOUS DR. SATAN (\$10.95)
- ☐ THE THING (\$6.95)
- ☐ HUMAN MONSTER (\$11.95)
- ☐ NIGHTY JOE YOUNG (\$6.95)

CAPTAIN EMPFANT,
P.O. Box 2027, Studio Central Studios
New York, New York 10017

Please mark me the films indicated for which I enclose \$..... plus 2% postage & handling for each film checked.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____



THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN SPEAKS

The director and the make-up man could not make a figure of hate out of him as Frankenstein's monster. It seems as if he taught the audience the delightful game of pretending to be frightened. The director, James Whale, set him in situations of total loneliness but it was the beautiful inner spirit of Karloff himself that gave him the ability to feel compassion and transfer that emotion to the audience.

I would have liked to have known him better. I got to know him a little in the first film that Charles Laughton ever made in Hollywood, *THE OLD DARK HOUSE*, and of course when I was the Bride of Frankenstein (in name only).

Years later he came to our house to talk about a play to Charles. Always extraordinarily gentle and modest, it eventually dawned on his vast public that he was a highly intelligent and rather sophisticated person.

Elsa Lanchester



JOHN CARRADINE

seen here as Dracula with Boris Karloff as Dr. Niemann in *HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN* (1945).
was not available for comment at time of publication.

Graveyard Examiner

DEAD-LETTER EDITION

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE FAMOUS MONSTERS CLUB

THE "LAST ACT OF
BORIS KARLOFF"

saying that if I wished I could go with him to the small sound stage on Santa Monica Blvd. the next day and watch Boris Karloff make the first of 4 films he was to make in one month — at the age of 80.

That first day, we looked around the small cramped

But he answered our questions, some of which I am sure he had been asked many times before — but he answered all, graciously and honestly. (For instance, he admitted he disliked the makeup and costume for the monster in "SON OF FRANKENSTEIN" and pointed out that they went back to the style of the first two films in "GRANT". He autographed some stills for both Ferry and me — Ferry told him it would be quite all right to sign some of them simply "B.K.", taking into consideration that it was an effort for him to write.

We ceased our interview then as they were preparing to shoot a scene without Karloff. The huge doors of the sound stage were shut only long enough for the scene to be shot, for the air was thick and heavy.

We returned the next week when "ISLE OF THE SNAKE PEOPLE" commenced shooting but did not meet Karloff then.

The film being shot the last week was "THE INCREDIBLE INVASION" in which Karloff played a scientist who accidentally sets free force-creatures. (One of the electrical props used in the laboratory should have been familiar to him as it had been used in both "FRANKENSTEIN" and "BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN".)

Again, Karloff was seated out of the way to one side, holding an oxygen tank to his face and studying his lines. A friend of the editor's, Jon Berg, and I hovered around him, trying to keep visitors to the set off his neck. One mother dragged her child up to the tired old actor and



Bill Warren with BORIS KARLOFF. This magazine made it possible for FM fan Bill to fulfill a lifetime ambition and meet his favorite actor, and here, in "The Last Act", he shares that thrilling encounter with The King with readers of The Graveyard Examiner.

The old man rocked back and forth on the bench before the pipe organ, his arthritis-crippled fingers playing over the silent keys. Behind and above him flames erupted with the hiss of gas. But fell loosely from the ceiling, the turning water wheel caught fire and impossibly halted. With thundering finality, a beam fell.

"Cut!" the director yelled. "Hurry up, right away." As

he called, the special effects crew dashed up to the raised area of the dungeon with fire extinguishers and quenched the flames on the floor. Those on the walls were turned off backstage.

The old man, almost unnoticed, made his way off the platform to his ever-present wheelchair. "Thanks, Boris," the director called.

Boris Karloff had finished the last scene for HOUSE OF EVIL, what was to be one of the two last films he would ever make.

And I saw it. Me, Bill Warren, who began reading FM at the age of 14 with #1, to whom even seeing the latest Karloff film was a thrill.

FM's editor had called me

soundstage, trying to find Karloff. We noticed him at last, seated to one side in a wheelchair. No one was speaking to him and he appeared to be quietly drowning. He was made up for the part of the kindly scientist of "THE FEAR CHAMBER" whose evil assistant takes control of an experiment in terror.

After the director spoke to him, we talked briefly with Karloff as FM's photographer Walt Daugherty took some pictures. Once I shall treasure all my life, Karloff was friendly but seemed to have some trouble speaking. The weather was stifling hot, and as he only had one half of one lung to breathe with, speech was not easy for him.

said, "See, he played Frankenstein." The child said, "You mean Herman Munster?"

Karloff either chose to ignore similar banalities or simply did not hear them, although, when spoken to, he would reply kindly and warmly, as if they actually knew who he was. When these people left, I am sure they took with them a new respect for "the man who played Frankenstein."

And I developed a new respect for him myself, for shortly thereafter Karloff began to shoot his scenes.

The call came for him to enter the set, I felt strong sympathy for this erudite and brave old man, who experienced great pain in even walking. But when he heard the director call, the years fell away and he rose easily to his feet and suddenly appeared to be 20 years younger. The chance to work, to display his craft, made a young man of him again.

In watching Boris Karloff work in bits and pieces (the way all movies are shot) for the rest of the afternoon, I discovered something — Boris Karloff must have been one of the most conscientious actors in films.

He had studied the script carefully, so that he knew the personality of the part he played, learning not only from his own lines but from those said about him. As a result of such study, if the same little bits of dialog action had to be done several times for one reason or another — Karloff was able to vary the delivery of his lines slightly on each take, changing inflection & emphasis but always keeping completely within the bounds of the personality he was portraying.

I commented on this acting style to him. "I've done it all my film career," he said. "It prevents one from becoming too stale, you know."

This practice, which I am told is rare among movie actors, is the mark of a true craftsman.

In a later scene, Karloff was required to bolt a door. He did this — and suddenly a look of pain crossed his face and he slumped against the wall. I gasped and started forward, so convincing was his acting — but that was what it

was — acting. I stepped back, embarrassed, but as I did so, I saw the other visitors to the set also stepping sheepishly back. They had also been fooled.

And then, later that day, the picture was over, he made a short farewell speech to the crew and he left the sound stage. After this, he returned to England for a few months, and returned again to the United States and Hollywood. He made "The White Birch" segment of *Names of the Game* and was on *The Red Skelton Show* and *The Jonathan Winters Show*. At the end of 1968 he went home to England for the last time.

And I saw him act. I also was able to say to him on my behalf and for all lovers of fantasy films everywhere: "Mr. Karloff, I can't begin to tell you how much I think of you. I have loved you all my life. You are my favorite actor." I literally found myself unable to say more.

Karloff smiled and patted my hand resting on the arm of his chair. He was somewhat embarrassed as he spoke: "Why, thank you, young man. I've done my best and it is good to know someone cares."

Goodbye, Boris Karloff. You were well-loved.

GRAVEYARD EXAMINER RETURNS

We're back from the grave, and with a new editor! Greg Bazaz, a senior student at Northern Valley High School, Old Tappan, New Jersey, takes over the Editor's job of the *Graveyard Examiner*. The newspaper resumes publication after being discontinued in issue #24 of FM.



GREG BAZAZ

For you newer fans who have recently begun to read *FAMOUS MONSTERS*, the *Graveyard Examiner* is the Official Newspaper for all its

IN MEMORIAM



as THE MUMMY

by GREG BAZAZ

This column is dedicated to one of the greatest horror actors ever born. Of course we are talking about Boris Karloff who passed away on February 3, 1969 at the age of 81.

When looking back at the almost 150 movies he made, one would have to rank Karloff an equal to such greats as Lon Chaney, Bela Lugosi, Paul Robeson, Edward Van Sloan, etc.

To every one reading this magazine, Karloff was much more than just an ordinary horror actor. For more than two generations he has been striking terror into the hearts of men, women, and children



as THE MONSTER

of all ages. His many movies have been classics in their field, with each new one as good as the last. Anyone who has ever seen his movies knows that he was certainly the King of them all.

Each time we see Frankenstein, or The Black Cat, or The Invisible Ray, we feel the same excitement, the same thrills that were felt when we first viewed the original.

It is our hope that in the generations to come, Boris Karloff will continue to send chills up and down the spines of millions of fans to come. Each time an old Karloff film is viewed it proves that he never really died, he lives on eternally in all our hearts.

readers. Our policy is to print as many of your names, drawings, and especially your pictures as we can. Also, we'll be bringing you the final and official word on the world of Monsters. This gives all of you most of a chance to see your names in print.

This issue's ASK GREG Department is composed of questions asked of Foery Ackerman, Editor in Chief of FM. From now on, though, all you fans should send your ASK GREG questions to:

"ASK GREG"

c/o The Graveyard Examiner
Famous Monsters Magazine
P.O. Box 5987
Grand Central Station
New York, N.Y. 10017

See you next issue . . .

& Vincent Price, nor personalities like Ray Bradbury & Robert Bloch, nor undertake to answer questions that would take a month. But for reasonable requests (see following examples) Greg will be happy to consult his own (and Donovan's) brain for answers.

1. In which of the Frankenstein movies did Lon Chaney play the monster?

Ans. Lon Chaney Jr. played the Frankenstein monster in *THE GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN*, the fourth in the series.

2. How many movies did Bela Lugosi play Count Dracula? Ans. 3. *DRACULA MARK OF THE VAMPIRE* and *ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN*.

3. What was the name of the movie in which Boris Karloff played the monster's maker? Ans. Boris Karloff played the creator in *FRANKENSTEIN 1970*, but also played the monster's creator in *THE HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN*.

ASK GREG

A free service to readers of *FAMOUS MONSTERS*. We cannot reveal the home addresses of stars like Chris Lee



1963 YEARBOOK

1964 YEARBOOK

1965 YEARBOOK

1966 YEARBOOK

1967 YEARBOOK



1968 YEARBOOK

#20 CHANEY UNMASKED

#21 SPECIAL CONTENT ISSUE

#22 CONTEST WINNERS

#23 THE HUNCHBACK



#24 Jekyll & Hyde

#25 DRACULA

#26 MAKE-UP CONTEST

#27 30 MILLION MILES

#28 CURSE OF THE DEMON



#39 NEW FRANKENSTEIN

#40 ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

#41 WEREWOLF OF LONDON

#42 FRANKENSTEIN WOMAN

#43 HOUSE OF DEACULA



#44 DE WHO

#45 DE ELWOOD'S COFFIN

#46 VAMPIRE OF THE OPERA

#47 JAMES BOND

#48 GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN

LIKE INVESTING IN A GHOUL MINE!

**BACK ISSUES of
FAMOUS MONSTERS
for YOUR PRIVATE
COLLECTION!**

The money you invest today may be worth the price of a triple horror bill a year from now!

Goodness knows how many yen they're already offering in Hong Kong for the KING KONG issue.

Badness knows how the value of the MUMMY issue has pyramided in Egypt.

Black E. Lagune of Draku Lake, Transylvania, writes: "The LUGOSI MEMORIAL EDITION is being avidly sought after by collectors here at prices up to ten and a half ghoulars."

Peter Pickle of Dillsville, Calif. states: "I'd gladly pay three hundred dillars for the FIRST ISSUE!"

Is your FAMOUS MONSTERS collection complete? Buy now, trade later with fellow fans for issues you're missing. Better get yours NOW—while short supply lasts!

COLLECTOR'S RARE EDITION FAMOUS MONSTERS PAPERBACK

FAMOUS MONSTERS is probably the best from our first 5 years of publication—available at a bargain price in permanent paperback book form! A full 160 pages of rare out-of-print pictures of Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi, the Chameys Sr. & Jr., Christopher Lee... all your favorites!



#51 WOLFMAN SPECIAL

#52 BARBABAI

#53 HAMMER'S HORRORS

#54 CHRISTOPHER LEE

MONSTER MAKE-UP BOOK



#55 DRACULA 3000

1583 YEARBOOK (3) 206	#40 (32)
1584 YEARBOOK (3) 206	#41 (31)
1585 YEARBOOK (3) 206	#42 (30)
1586 YEARBOOK (3) 206	#43 (29)
1587 YEARBOOK (3) 206	#44 (28)
1588 YEARBOOK (3) 206	#45 (27)
	#46 (26)
	#47 (25)
	#48 (24)
	#49 (23)
	#50 (22)
	#51 (21)
	#52 (20)
	#53 (19)
	#54 (18)
	#55 (17)
	#56 (16)
	#57 (15)
	#58 (14)
	#59 (13)
	#60 (12)
	#61 (11)
	#62 (10)
	#63 (9)
	#64 (8)
	#65 (7)
	#66 (6)
	#67 (5)
	#68 (4)
	#69 (3)
	#70 (2)
	#71 (1)
	#72 (0)
	#73 (0)
	#74 (0)
	#75 (0)
	#76 (0)
	#77 (0)
	#78 (0)
	#79 (0)
	#80 (0)
	#81 (0)
	#82 (0)
	#83 (0)
	#84 (0)
	#85 (0)
	#86 (0)
	#87 (0)
	#88 (0)
	#89 (0)
	#90 (0)
	#91 (0)
	#92 (0)
	#93 (0)
	#94 (0)
	#95 (0)
	#96 (0)
	#97 (0)
	#98 (0)
	#99 (0)
	#100 (0)

SORRY NO CANADIAN OR FOREIGN ORDERS

FAMOUS MONSTERS BACK ISSUE Dept.
Box # 5587 Grand Central Station
New York, N. Y. 10017

☐ I enclose \$_____ for the back issues.
☐ I enclose \$3.00 for a 3 year subscription,
giving me the next 6 issues.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP CODE NO. _____



WHY DON'T YOU HAVE THESE
VALUABLE BACK ISSUES OF
EERIE IN YOUR PRIVATE
MAGAZINE COLLECTION?



MAIL COUPON TODAY—WHILE THEY LAST!

All Copies Mailed in a Sturdy Envelope for Protection

☐ #2 (\$2.50)
☐ #3 (\$1.00)
☐ #4 (\$1.00)
☐ #5 (\$1.00)
☐ #6 (75c)
☐ #7 (75c)

☐ #8 (\$1.00)
☐ #9 (75c)
☐ #10 (75c)
☐ #11 (75c)
☐ #12 (75c)
☐ #13 (75c)

☐ #14 (75c)
☐ #15 (75c)
☐ #16 (60c)
☐ #17 (50c)
☐ #18 (60c)
☐ #19 (60c)
☐ #20 (60c)
☐ #21 (60c)

EERIE BACK ISSUE DEPT.
Box # 5887 Grand Central Station
New York, N.Y. 10017

- ☐ I enclose \$_____ for back issues.
☐ I enclose \$2.40 for a 1-year subscription, giving me a
full 6 issues of future EERIE Magazines!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP CODE _____

MYSTERY PHOTO

NUMBER
34



FANTA CLAUS!

We confess

This is the worst Mystery Photo we have ever run. Worst, that is, from the standpoint of being difficult to guess, for it is surely the easiest of all the past 33.

And in some ways it is one of the **BEST** we have ever run, being of the great star blessed by all who has now gone to his rest.

Thank you, "Santa Claus", for 50 years of pictures—155 of them from 1919 till now—and every performance a present.

A fan, Phil Moshcovitz, prepared this picture of you in one role you never played but in which we know you would have been superb.

You can't fool us, Frankenclaus! We know that's you, **BORIS KARLOFF**. And you deserve an Eternal Christmas.

**ANSWER
TO MYSTERY
PHOTO
NO. 33**



The ghostly ghoul is a frizzy fussy who looks like a refugee from the pages of *Earle or Creepy* is in reality an **Amateur Make-up Artist**.

Last year this lucky contestant won a prize for horribleness in a contest sponsored by *Minkette*, featuring the *Autopak*. "This horror make-up contest autopak 'em in," said the *Minkette* People, and sure enough it did.

Details can be found on page 2 of the Nov. 25, '68 issue of *U.S. News & World Report*.

YOU AXED

Our regular **YOU AXED FOR IT** department this issue is devoted entirely to **BORIS KARLOFF** and the following representative group of his admirers:

Cesar Daniels ... Jan Kovalick ... Julia Blair ...
Kevin Thomas ... Laine Liska ... Sharon Phelps ...
Kenneth Brown ... Kurt Rosenkrans ... Julia
Reino ... Darwin Niles Jr. ... L. E. Bloch ... Bill
Pincard ... Susan Wald ... Bill Palmer ... John
Tuson ... Gordon R. Guy ... Ben Inerra ... Wm.
Keller ... Chris Lindner ... Anthony Golembrowski ...
Peter Parkinson ... Dennis Chartier ... Tom
Rushmore ... Joe Kneera ... Andy Braun ... Lon



The Shrik of Shrik in **TWO ARABIAN KNIGHTS**, 1927.



His Most Frightening Fate? From **THE CLIMAX**, Universal, 1944.



Gen. Phorides in **ISLE OF THE DEAD** (pronounced I LOVE THE DEAD!)—1945.



As Valder/Schiller the Spy in **BRITISH INTELLIGENCE**, 1940.



Identification uncertain. Rals? Dats? Maybe **YOU** can tell us.



Portrait Study. At the time Liz Taylor was still a teenager!

FOR HIM!

Gloot . . . Mike Lippin . . . Thom. A. Partenope . . .
 Alan Nunn . . . Pam & Bruce Hanson . . . Shirley
 Kingston . . . Howard Kopchik . . . Steven Paris . . .
 Joe Hale Dennis . . . Steve King . . . David A. Rose
 . . . Stephen Cross . . . Kathleen Lee . . . Gilbert
 Wald . . . Mark Frank . . . Brunas Bros . . . Bree
 Vertlieb . . . Brooks Bros . . . Pat Thippere . . .
 Linda Blazener . . . Stam Kogsack . . . Stan Bashore
 . . . Gar . . . Vivien Burgoon . . . Alan Gross-

man . . . Bill Sakada . . . Geo. Colombo . . . Greg
 Smith . . . Jas. Prout . . . Wm. Chafetz . . . Keith
 Adams . . . Gary Dorst . . . Ron Bort . . . Alex Kill
 . . . Jean-Claude Romer . . . P. Hans Frankfurter
 . . . Uschi Ernsting . . . Bob Rosen . . . Joann Lomax
 son . . . Joni Stopa Jr. . . Dawn & Lang Vernon
 . . . Les del Reyson . . . Gene Ellis . . . Thad Swift
 . . . and Sammy Davis Jr.



Im-ha-tep the Immortal MUMMY, Universal, 1932.
 (Also Ardath Bey.)



Portrait taken in 1942 at the time he was playing
 Prof. Billings in THE BOODIE MAN WILL GET YOU.



Servant in THE STRANGE DOOR with Chas. Laugh-
 ton, 1951.



Chief Guyanuta in Cecil E. DeMille's UNCONQUERED
 (Technicolor), 1947.



Jewel Thief of THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY,
 1947.



Bateman in THE RAVEN (with Lugosi, Universal,
 1935).



Collector's Edition #1



Second Secret Issue #2



Thrilling Issue #3



Fantastic Issue #4



Shocking Issue #5



Screaming Issue #7



Aching Issue #8



Wailing Issue #9



Howling Issue #11



Throbbing Issue #12



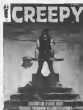
Thrilling Issue #13



Peachy Issue #14



Staring Issue #16



Staring Issue #17



Thrilling Issue #18



Creepy Yearbook



Frontispiece Issue #5



Screaming Issue #26



1949 Time-Book



Laughing Issue #12



Wild Issue #20



Screaming Issue #25



Thrilling Issue #22



Rebels Issue #10



Paranormal Issue #23



Invisible Issue #24



Supernatural Issue #21



Thrilling Issue #19

...MAIL THIS COUPON NOW FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS OR BACK ISSUES OF CREEPY!

Enclosed is payment for:

☐ Collector's Edition #1 (\$2.95)
☐ Second Great Issue #2 (\$2.95)
☐ Thrilling Issue #3 (\$1)
☐ Fantastic Issue #4 (\$1)
☐ Frontispiece Issue #5 (\$1)
☐ Screaming Issue #6 (\$1)
☐ Laughing Issue #7 (\$1)
☐ Wild Issue #8 (\$1)
☐ Numbering Issue #9 (\$1)
☐ Trilling Issue #10 (\$1)
☐ Paranormal Issue #11 (\$2.50)
☐ Trembling Issue #12 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #13 (\$2.50)
☐ Frontispiece Issue #14 (\$2.50)
☐ Paranormal Issue #15 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #16 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #17 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #18 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #19 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #20 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #21 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #22 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #23 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #24 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #25 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #26 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #27 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #28 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #29 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #30 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #31 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #32 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #33 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #34 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #35 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #36 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #37 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #38 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #39 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #40 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #41 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #42 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #43 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #44 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #45 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #46 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #47 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #48 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #49 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #50 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #51 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #52 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #53 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #54 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #55 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #56 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #57 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #58 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #59 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #60 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #61 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #62 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #63 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #64 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #65 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #66 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #67 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #68 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #69 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #70 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #71 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #72 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #73 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #74 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #75 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #76 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #77 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #78 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #79 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #80 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #81 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #82 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #83 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #84 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #85 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #86 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #87 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #88 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #89 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #90 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #91 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #92 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #93 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #94 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #95 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #96 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #97 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #98 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #99 (\$2.50)
☐ Screaming Issue #100 (\$2.50)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP CODE _____

Creepy Back Issue Dept.
 Box #5987 Grand Central Station
 New York, N.Y. 10017

All Copies Marked in a Sandy Develop for Protection

☐ I enclose \$_____ for back issues.
☐ I enclose \$2.40 for a 1-year subscription, giving me a full 6 issues of future CREEPY Magazines!

THE CRAWLING HAND

TURN ON the switch and watch! THE HAND comes to life! THE FINGERS flex as the hand starts to walk across the room. The beginning of the third finger sheds a light of war horror over the room. The steel life-like plastic hand, made of latex rubber with a beaded wrist, stalks across the room and only YOU know where it came from. Only \$4.95 plus 50c for postage and handling.



SEND NO: CAPTAIN COMPANY, Dept. 500-500
P.O. Box 9867 Grand Central Station
New York, New York 10017



4D MAN

The Amazing 4-dimensional Man can walk through walls, but needs the life force of others to live himself from becoming a modern Mummy. Only \$4.95



WAR OF THE PLANETS

WHAT HAPPENS when a receiving planet plays back on radio space? Another planet gets in a space station to stop invading machines and trouble in the skies. This is a truly wonderful space-and-action film. ... now you won't ever forget to get it today! 8mm, 140 feet, \$6.95



WAR OF THE COLOSSAL BEAST

A monster of the Atom! A terrifying terror from the stars of a man trapped in the heart of a planet! A monster of the terrible events that followed. Only \$6.95



THE BLOB

Teenage sex who looks like a cheating star looks in with it! In leaving space they find an old man waiting to join, his hand covered with a green substance. They risk him in a doctor, who watches the substance spreading before his eyes. The Blob continues to spread, it terrorizes the town. Only \$6.95



IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A SPACE SHIP loaded with alien machines goes out of control? They land on earth and begin a brave attempt to save the earth. Is he successful? This scary tale tells you what really happens! 140 feet, 8mm, \$6.95



ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE

AMERICA'S MOST MIGHTFUL COMEDIANS meet the world's most mysterious monster. When the fun begins, Dr. Jekyll gives Costello a drug. Now his life is a monster. Everything goes crazy and he finds himself going mad. Monsters can be fun, and this film is the funniest 8mm, 140 feet, \$6.95.



ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN

THE MONSTER WHO OF THE MONSTER WHO! Turn up in the funniest monster film ever made. Imagine Frankenstein, Dracula, The Wolf Man and the Invisible Man combining their evil forces to bring Dr. Frankenstein & Costello. They even surprise using Costello's brain for the monster. Great! Best! Best! 140 feet, \$6.95.



ABBOTT & COSTELLO IN ROCKET & ROLL

THE FUNNIEST COMEDY in Hollywood steals up for a new roller trip through outer space. Beats the old and out in Vegas tonight. The comedy roller trip saves the life of them. And through it all Abbott & Costello give a 14-minute performance that will make you "laughing" 8mm, 140 feet, \$6.95.

NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME— THE 3 STOOGES IN 3D

Aside from the special color-like screen supplied with the film, no special equipment is needed. No special screen ... no special projector just watch the standing without 3D feel of film.



SPOOKS

The Stooges in a hilarious slapstick romp ... funnier than ever in 3-D. To tell they come to jump right out at the screen. When something is there ... you don't! Only \$6.95.

TALES of HORROR



This 3-D Bizarre comedy is a real tale that takes place in an old haunted house. One 3-Dimensional Bizarre tale mixed up with all sorts of deadly weapons. ... Only \$6.95.



EAST SIDE KIDS MEET BELA LUGOSI

WELL OF LAUGHING as the East Side Kids meet their 140-footing stars with Bela Lugosi's immortal action. Featuring Bela Lugosi and the angels of East Side Kids. Only \$2.95.



WE WANT OUR MUMMY

Head as detective, see 3 Mummies take a 14-minute ride to Egypt. And when they enter the tomb ... WONT! Only \$6.95.

Please mark me the following, for which I enclose \$..... plus 20c postage & handling for each film checked

- ☐ The 4D Man, \$6.95
- ☐ War Of The Planets, \$6.95
- ☐ War Of The Colossal Beast, \$6.95
- ☐ The Blob, \$6.95
- ☐ It Came From Outer Space, \$6.95
- ☐ A B C Meet Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde, \$6.95
- ☐ A B C Meet Frankenstein, \$6.95
- ☐ A B C In Rocket & Roll, \$6.95
- ☐ East Side Kids Meet Bela Lugosi, \$2.95
- ☐ We Want Our Mummy, \$6.95
- ☐ Spooks in 3-D, \$6.95
- ☐ Tales Of Horror in 3-D, \$6.95

CAPTAIN COMPANY
P.O. Box 9867, Grand Central Station
New York, New York 10017

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP CODE NO _____

BARNABAS! NOW! READ THESE 7 SUSPENSE-FILLED BOOKS!

7 new books about
BARNABAS, the Vampire
of "BARNABAS
RHOADS" TV show!
Only \$2.00 each, or set
all 7 for only \$12.00.

**DARK
SHADOWS**

**THE CURSE
OF
COLLIERWOOD**

**BARNABAS
COLLINS**

**VICTIM
WITNESS**

**THE SECRET
OF
BARNABAS
COLLINS**

**STRANGERS
AT
COLLIER
HOUSE**

**THE
MYSTERY
OF
COLLIERWOOD**



- ☐ DARK SHADOWS
- ☐ THE CURSE OF COLLIERWOOD
- ☐ BARNABAS COLLINS
- ☐ VICTIM'S WITNESS
- ☐ THE SECRET OF BARNABAS COLLINS
- ☐ STRANGERS AT COLLIER HOUSE
- ☐ THE MYSTERY OF COLLIERWOOD

CAPTAIN CO.
P.O. BOX 5987
GRAND CENTRAL STATION
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10017

Please ORDER my copies of Barnabas suspense books to
marked Special rate for all 7 books—\$12.00, postage
free. Otherwise, send \$2.00 for each book, plus 75c to
cover the cost of postage and handling.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

ZIP CODE

Early, at 60¢, Canadian or Foreign orders.

SUPER SPECIAL EXCITING PAPERBACK BOOKS!

FRANKENSTEIN



"The Monster
created the
perfect body. I had
created a strong
and mortal who
could do with
each step. My
heart was in
my hand. I began
to feel the
thrilling, shivering
words of this
monstrous tale
as it was written
in the depths
of my soul."

DRACULA



He was a
monster. In fact, this
monstrous
creature had to have
the ability of the
vampire. This
monster told
the story of
people caught in
the spell of Count
Dracula's strange
powers.

THE DOLL MAKER



He was a
monster. In fact, this
monstrous
creature had to have
the ability of the
vampire. This
monster told
the story of
people caught in
the spell of Count
Dracula's strange
powers.

MONSTERS



ES WERE MON-
STERS AT WORK!
Prepare to have
your flesh crawl
with terror, your
heart pound with
fear, your eyes
grow wide in hor-
ror at a host of
hideous things—
creatures of the
darkness of the
night. And, they
all come to
highlight the
the monstrous
pages of this
terrifying collection.

INCREDIBLE HULK



HE'S THE
INCREDIBLE
HULK! (Serving
the world a strong
and mortal who
could do with
each step. My
heart was in
my hand. I began
to feel the
thrilling, shivering
words of this
monstrous tale
as it was written
in the depths
of my soul.")

THE MIGHTY THOR



Thor, the
Mighty Thor,
was
created to take
an absolute to the
top of a universe
before he
could fly off to
fight to stop a
wonderful
adventure in
a universe
where he
would be
a hero. He
was the
strongest
man in the
universe. He
was the
strongest
man in the
universe. He
was the
strongest
man in the
universe.

BORIS KARLOFF'S TALES OF THE FRIGHTENED



He was a
monster. In fact, this
monstrous
creature had to have
the ability of the
vampire. This
monster told
the story of
people caught in
the spell of Count
Dracula's strange
powers.

AMAZING SPIDERMAN



Here's the
toughest
Spider-Man
ever! He's
called one of the
"31 People Who
Count" in the
Comics. He's
the most popular
hero in the
universe. He's
the only
hero who's
never been
killed.

ANY 2
BOOKS
\$1.00

ANY 3
BOOKS
\$1.50

ANY 4
BOOKS
\$2.00

ANY
5 BOOKS
\$2.50

PLEASE ADD 20¢
PER BOOK FOR
POSTAGE & HANDLING

MAIL
TO:

CAPTAIN CO.,
P.O. BOX 5987
GRAND CENTRAL STATION
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10017

